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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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"I want to see the lady, if I can't see the master," she said, locking her firm lips together, and pushing her coal black hair farther under her bonnet.

"Wretched woman," said Le Vaugn, "do you come to desecrate the bed of death? Yes, go up—go see where you have laid her."

Awed by his manner, the Indian woman moved slowly up the stairs, and into the chamber where lay the corpse. Surveying it for a moment, she turned to Le Vaugn, as she said, with shaking voice and hands outstretched,

"I have walked since last Wednesday, foot sore, and taking no rest, that I might see *her* alive. You told me she was dying, I had a message to give her. But what am I here for? What am I in this chamber for, with your dead wife? To tell you I havn't a tear to shed for you," she continued, drinking in the sight of his almost writhing madness with greedy eye. "Wasn't *my* child modest, Le Vaugn? Didn't she blush and crouch against the wall at the words of admiration, at the free glance? Did you ever see one of my tribe whose cheek didn't burn if you but looked at her? Answer me—did the Indian maid forget her reserve till your accursed arts had taught her to shun the mother who had guarded her with all her care and love? Suffer!—suffer! God knows you deserve this, wolf-hound—night-prowler—there! you needn't call for anybody to come and put me out—if I had a mind I could strangle you, and nobody the wiser; but I tell you, the Great Spirit *will* avenge the wrongs of my white swan—if He don't I will."

She looked about at the shaded magnificence of the room—she gazed long at the motionless form of the dead—she glanced again with a bitter smile towards the now prostrate Le Vaugn—turned and left the chamber and the house.

The funeral solemnities were celebrated with great pomp—the body of the fair and gentle wife was laid in Le Vaugn's tomb, and the stricken man returned to his silent home, bowed and broken in spirit. He sat alone, as he had sat all day, with the exception of the time taken in going to the grave-yard. A rap at the door disturbed him, and Martha entered, bringing Nick with her. The boy looked very handsome with his bright eagle eyes now lifted to Le Vaugn, now drooping under his heavy lashes. A flitting smile passed over Le Vaugn's weary face.

"I thought he might be some company for you, sir," said Martha, quietly, smoothing down her tidy gown.

"Thank you, Martha, I had forgotten him entirely," and as he looked again at the boy's bright young face, a painful thought seemed to strike him; he shook his head impatiently—motioned Martha to go out, and after she had gone, bowed his head on his hand, taking no further notice of the child, who gathered himself up on a low seat, and sat in his old unchildish way all the long evening, till Le Vaugn, worn out with his gloomy thoughts, retired to rest, taking Nick with him.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARK DINSMORE'S HOME.

Van Alstyne and Park Dinsmore arrived in the city at the same time with Le Vaugn, and proceeded, arm in arm, carpet-bags in hand, to the precincts of the post-office, where sat, in a four-seated wagon, Gray, the venerable servingman of the Dinsmore family, looking wistfully about him, and glancing under an enormous pair of shell-rimmed spectacles at all the passers by. One would have taken the old man for a clergyman, by his meek face and white queue, his light neckcloth and superannuated broadcloth.

"I say, Gray, how are you, my dear old friend?—and how is mother, and how are the folks, and how is old Wissahiccon?"

All this Park said before the slow old man had time to articulate a word, and while helping Van Alstyne to his place. Then he jumped in himself and struck the butler heartily but respectfully on the shoulder. By this time the latter had recovered his faculties sufficiently to reply to his queries, and the horse rattled on through the noisy streets, coming soon to the road leading into the open country. Beguiling the time by pleasant chat, and a vigorous enjoyment of the Autumn scenery, expressed by exuberant language, and a free, joyous laughter, the carriage in an hour rolled along by the beautiful Wissahiccon, and soon drew up before a stately mansion on the outskirts of Germantown. An avenue, lined by magnificent chestnut trees, led to a smooth, level lawn, dotted with many trees.

Not far from the house the bold heights of surrounding hills, crowded thickly with hemlock, spruce and cedar, rose with quiet majesty, while laurel and pines covered the lesser slopes. The calm of a clear sky hung over all, and the great house looked almost solemn in its silence, surrounded as it was with heavily foliaged trees. Quiet brooded on the bosom of the misty silver stream; beauty revelled on the dreamy lowlands, and on the sunbeam spotted hills and fields and cottage homes.

Ascending wide, moss-covered steps of brown stone, the youth and his maturer friend entered the great door.

"This is my mother, Mr. Van Alstyne—a friend, mother, who has been travelling with me."

"You are very welcome," said the sweet-voiced, graceful lady, turning from her son's embrace with one white, outstretched hand to the professor.

"Now, Van Alstyne, come right up to my room; ah, I see your speculative eye is roving already over these curious things—mother, you can't think what a mineral-hunting, specimen-seeking creature it is!"

"My son, be respectful—he's a wild boy, Mr. Van Alstyne," she added, while a mother's pride shone in her eye.

"And a happy one, madam," said the professor, with his rare smile, and a glance of admiration at her beautiful, matronly face, "you have some grand old pictures, madam; and those antlers; I think I never saw a more superb set."

"Those belonged to a chamois, one of my great-uncles killed, with his own hands, among the Alps," she replied.

The hall was very large, old fashioned, and anciently furnished. The lights above and at the sides of the door were richly stained. Hunting pictures hung in the lower section, cases of birds and stuffed animals were ranged at different points. The staircase was broad, massive, and surmounted with a balustrade elaborately carved; the upper part of the hall was divided into galleries, ornamented with old family pictures and relics, and surrounded with beautiful lattice work, that took all hues from the gorgeously stained circular window at the head of the staircase. From the gallery several rooms opened, and into one of these, small and richly furnished, professor Van Alstyne was ushered by Park.

"Now, I will leave you till you are through with your toilet," said the latter, "*au revoir*."

When Van Alstyne descended to the sitting-room, Park was standing beside his mother, one arm thrown boyishly about her neck, evidently very much to the annoyance of a stately old gentleman, who occupied a handsome chair near the table in the centre of the room. Park introduced him as "my honored grandfather," and the old gentleman, with a gravity and graciousness that would have well become the grand court of Louis XVI., arose, bowed, and extended the tips of his fingers, saying as he did so, with a sort of majestic humility, "I am honored, sir."

With a brow of noble breadth, traced by the faintest lines of age, white hair, powdered and tied behind in a queue, calm, serene and self-possessed demeanor, colorless but not sallow cheeks, and deep set but remarkably keen dark eyes, he was an interesting picture of the looks and manners of the high-bred courtier of the sixteenth century, set in a frame of the eighteenth. A broad ruffle, white and dainty as a snow flake, in which glittered a diamond-headed pin, a long, embroidered vest of a delicate salmon-color, ruffles at his wrist, plum-colored knee-breeches, and dark green silk stockings, with shining knee-buckles, and high-heeled shoes, completed his attire. Antiquity rustled in his cambric handkerchief; his voice, low and gentle, was measured by the cadences of an old time precision.

"What a very ancient book," exclaimed the professor, laying his hand reverently on a board-bound volume with massive clasps.

"Sir," said the old gentleman, "this precious volume, clasped as you see with gold, venerable with age, with its black exterior and its massive clasps, has often solaced the retirement of my venerable great grandfather on my respected mother's side, the Marquis De Loit, a gentleman, a Christian, a scholar, a Huguenot, and a martyr. This little volume," he added, laying his finger impressively upon it, "is two hundred and fifty years old; nor would I exchange it for the proudest monument of the present age."

"You observed that your great grandfather, Marquis De Loit, was a martyr," said Van Alstyne; "allow me to ask in what way."

"Certainly, certainly," said the courtly old gentleman, delighted with the deferential manner of the professor; and he commenced almost at the beginning of the persecution, to the evident chagrin of Park, who was eager to stroll out with his friend.

"The Marquis De Loit," he continued, warming out of his dignity, "was imprisoned in an out-room of an old castle, strongly caged with iron bars, and all that was necessary to keep a vigorous, athletic man in imprisonment. His cruel janitors, emissaries of the church, intended to starve this good man to death. Day after day they entered to taunt him with the sight of food, which they held just beyond his reach, and every time they did so he appeared hale, and fresh, and vigorous, and cried not out for food, nor with hunger at the want thereof. This was a matter of great surprise and mortification, as you may suppose, and when ten, eleven, twelve days passed, and his tongue was not swelled, neither his face distorted, nor any signs of hunger, of starvation appeared about him in person or in manner, they began to blanch with fear, and to commune among themselves that it surely was a miracle that this man had been sustained, and they set about to devise ways and means to be rid of him. The fourteenth day they took him out of his prison, and carried him to the shores of the Atlantic, and there, one stormy morning, when the wind blew his white hairs in much confusion about his face, they set him adrift in a little open boat without any provision, and nothing more was ever heard of him. His wife and his only daughter, (of whom, as of him, pictures hang up in Mrs. Dinsmore's room,) died of grief."

Park twitched Van Alstyne's coat-tails, whispering,

"He'll carry you back to France again, if you don't disengage yourself, and you won't get home till dinner time."

But there was more charm to Van Alstyne, in the venerable face and ancient costume, than in all the curiosities of wood and river, for the time, and he still lingered to listen.

"It was accounted a miracle by the blood-thirsty persecutors," resumed the old gentleman, "but as the legend runs in our family, the secret of his preservation was this: Every morning and evening a hen flew in between the two high walls that formed the boundaries of his prison, and laid an egg on some straw, then flew away. Through an aperture close to the ground, after he had patiently widened it, the Marquis put his hand, drew in the egg, ate it, and disposed of the shells outside, afterwards skillfully concealing the aperture. Young man, the providence of God is wonderful, like His mercy; His ways are past finding out—He is a mighty God"—and saying this with deep and reverent voice and great solemnity, he arose and left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER ANCIENT PERSONAGE.

"My grandmother having no doubt heard an interesting account from the lips of my grandfather of your excellent self, has sent for us to come into her august presence," said Park, the next day after dinner.

"I shall be delighted to see her," rejoined Van Alstyne, "but why do you allude to your grandparents in this mock-heroic way always?"

"Oh! I don't know, without it is because they live in such state, and have always kept me at such an awful distance. Why, it is like a presentation at court to be introduced to my grandmother! how my dear, gentle mother has escaped the petrifying process, I'm sure I can't imagine."

They descended the broad oaken staircase into the gallery, and diverged into a passage extending along the length of the house to the west wing. The upper hall here was fitted up with sombre chairs, high-backed, of a rich mahogany color, and a dark carpet over which the brilliant dyes of the stained window mingled with a glory like soft sunlight. Park knocked at the door; a little girl ushered them into an ante-chamber, very small, and corresponding with the hall. Park moved towards the door, and opening it, Van Alstyne was transported for a time into another age and a distant country. The room was very long and lofty, extending the whole length of the wing, and permeated by a soft, southern-like atmosphere. A carpet of a large pattern, and, originally, very bright and gorgeous colors, seen in fragments, here and there, covered the floor. Full length portraits in bronze frames, much discolored, the latter peculiarly branching, the curvilinear line predominating, hung around the walls, reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling. In the two farther corners of the room stood screens of black velvet and blue damask. Chairs with claw-feet, with backs shooting up narrowly, straight as arrows, and fully six feet high, were also stuffed and covered with blue damask set in frames of black velvet. Tiny tables of the most ancient and curious workmanship stood near the fire-place and between the windows; there was not an article seemingly in the room but what was a relic, and about which hovered associations of the past—memories of the dead. But the most curious object was the old lady Dinsmore herself. She could not have been far from eighty, but as the light fell upon her, softening the outlines of her face and form, she looked younger. There was a pliancy about her movements notwithstanding her dress was stiff; and her hair, gray and white beautifully mingled, mounted a high, ungainly cushion that gave to her brow an appearance of unnatural tension. Her dress was a gray, silvery satin, quilted in the minutest and most delicate patterns—the body semi-low, the sleeves short, the neck covered with a kerchief of thick lace, and black lace-mits drawn up above the elbow. She was too pretty for so much dignity, for she sat up, unbending, like one of her own blue damask chairs, awaiting the approach of her visitors. Park, as he neared, bowed with a sidelong glance at Van Alstyne, of such comical expression, as almost to upset his gravity. The professor bowed also, and imitating the young man's movements, inclined his head the second and the third time.

"Allow me, honored madam," said Park, "to introduce a friend of mine of whom, perhaps, you have heard my honored grandfather speak."

With great graciousness the stately old lady held out her white, well-shaped hand, and Van Alstyne, with all a courtier's grace, bowed low upon it, and touched it with his lips. Henceforth he was ever to be associated in her memory with the utmost gentleness and refinement. Delighted with his manners and appearance, the old lady warmed as she called forth from the storehouse of her memory the unfaded pictures of the days that were gone. She unbent somewhat from her dignity, took the professor's arm, and walking slowly and with head erect, the folds of her glistening gray satin rustling around her, expatiated upon each of the pictures in the curiously carved old frames. A dreamy face, with the eyes of a poet, filled Van Alstyne with sad pleasure as he gazed. It was the portrait of a young girl, who at the age of fifteen had been burned to death because she would not renounce her faith. Mrs. Dinsmore, in her girlhood's beauty, filled another niche, and French marquises and quaint old ladies of rank were ranged in stately order. In her cabinet, a still greater attraction to the young antiquary, were numberless things of interest. A piece of the altar-stone where fell Thomas A. Becket—a lock of the martyred girl's silken hair—stores from old times, relics of royalty, and shreds of the clothes of some who fell at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Varied and most entertaining were the anecdotes she told, Van Alstyne all the time supporting her with the utmost respect and gallantry, and drinking in with sparkling eyes and parted lips a stream of knowledge, whose fountain head was in the remote years, dim and distant to him. When they left her, the good old lady, with great ceremony, pressed him to come again, saying that she seldom left her own apartments, and received but little company.

"That was a decided hit, my dear Van Alstyne," exclaimed Park as they descended the stairs, "I never should have dreamed of kissing her hand. That was the fashion you know in her younger days when she was a great beauty and a belle, and it gratified her immensely. By the way, there's the remnant of a tribe of Indians six miles off from here, suppose we take horses and ride there? it will be worth our while."

It wanted yet two hours of twilight. The atmosphere, dry and clear, braced their nerves with it, exhilarating tone, and a slight wind ruffled the bosom of the Wissahiccon. For a while the road led along the banks of the river, keeping the breezy hill-tops in view from the opposite side. Then from this path they diverged into long village streets, now winding around the base of a romantic height, now down a narrow lane, and soon entering a wood, cantered through till they came to a spot of clearing, where withered leaves, sticks, rags and ashes gave token of degraded human life.

"Upon my word they are all gone," exclaimed Park, with an appearance of chagrin; "there's where the tents were," he continued, pointing to different localities; "it's too bad, really; we've had our ride for nothing."

"Look here to the right, Dinsmore," said Van Alstyne, "do you see a smoke—there between these trees?"

Not far from them the ground sloped into a small hollow filled with bushes, and interspersed with young trees. From the centre of this a smoke was ascending in thick clouds. Moving cautiously towards the place, Park looked down, and returning half way, for Van Alstyne had followed him, he whispered,

"It is old Mother Kurstegan, as truly as you live; she has just cooked a dinner, and now sits eating it in solitary grandeur. Would you venture to invade her domestic sanctum?"

"Yes," returned Van Alstyne, "perhaps we can draw her out. What a strange form her insanity takes! she always seems hunting some one with remorseless cruelty."

"Good day, mother," said Park, carefully footing his way through the tangled underbrush, "we came out to have a little friendly talk with the Indians, but find them gone."

"Gone—aye, truly, gone—gone—forever!" she repeated, laying aside the fragments of her meal, and slowly rising to her feet. "I say," continued she, "have you seen a child in your wanderings? I thought, you know, that perhaps you *might* have found one, starved to death, under some hedge or other; I merely thought, as such things do occur sometimes—a small child with blue eyes and light hair," she added, with a manner of real anxiety, as she looked from one face to the other, "a delicate child, that hadn't been used to hardship, but been, oh! so tenderly, so tenderly brought up! Light as the thistle-down she was,—if either of you gentlemen had lifted her, you wouldn't have known that you had anything in your arms at all."

"Whose child was it?" Park quietly asked.

The black eyes blazed and flashed as she turned to him; then folding her arms, she said, stolidly,

"That's none of your business! I saw such a child, and knew such a child, and have searched night and day—" she paused to control herself, then added—"I suppose she is somewhere among our Indians—gone farther West; I shall follow after them," and she commenced singing in a plaintive tone:

"Dead and buried,
Ocharoke,
Under leaves
Of pine and oak!
Winds shall lull thee,
Rivers run by thee,
Birds fly over thee,
Grass grow above thee;
Flowers at thy head,
Arrows at thy foot,
Water for drink,
For meat the root—
Dead and buried,
Ocharoke,
Under leaves
Of pine and oak."

She hastened away, leaving the youth and the young professor thoughtful and quiet.

"Do you see how the weather has changed?" asked Van Alstyne, suddenly, pointing to the sky.

"Rain, rain, in torrents, as sure as you live; Mother Kurstegan, they say, commands the elements; for wherever she goes it rains!" cried Park, as the two remounted their horses.

"She is an adroit student of the weather-signs, I suppose," replied Van Alstyne; "you remember I predicted rain this noon; I wonder I forgot it; now we must hasten, or we shall get wet to the skin."

The clouds gave down their fulness before they reached home, but, safely housed, with dry garments exchanged for their wet ones, Park and his friend enjoyed the raving of the wind and the unbroken beat of the heavy rain as it struck the dry earth. They had not long sat there, listening to Mrs. Dinsmore's sweet voice as she sang, through Park's entreaty, when the door opened, and Gray, the butler, entered, and said, with a respectful air, that the old gentleman saw a lady out in the storm, under the large elm, and could not his daughter send some one to conduct her to a shelter.

"Certainly, Gray; take an umbrella and go immediately; whoever it is, she should not stay in this drenching rain," said Mrs. Dinsmore, rising as she spoke, and the old servant disappeared.

In a few moments he was seen with a girlish figure leaning on his arm.

"Poor thing! she looks exhausted," said Mrs. Dinsmore, pityingly, "and her clothes have been no protection. I shall have her brought right in here; Park, take your friend into the drawing-room."

While the two were passing out, the old butler was just entering the hall, supporting his fair burden, who was almost insensible from chilliness and fatigue. As her eyes met those of Van Alstyne, she appeared for a moment overcome with embarrassment—the blood surged to her white cheeks, her eyes fell; she tremblingly put back the long curling masses of dark hair that had become unbound, and as she was assisted into the sitting-room, she fainted away.

Van Alstyne answered Park's inquiries in a vague, absent way; his mind was busied with a thousand conjectures. Why was this young girl, his pupil, wandering away so far from her residence? There had ever been a mystery surrounding her. Young, handsome, and alone; fresh and marvellous in her beauty, yet never mingling in society, though capable of being its ornament; applying herself resolutely and untiringly to the most difficult studies, and conquering them with wonderful ease.

At the supper table Mrs. Dinsmore told them that the stranger was sick, in consequence of exposure, and, she thought, great anxiety of mind. She said, also, that she sometimes wandered, and her supplications to her mother were heart-rending adding,

"I wish I could get some clue to her name or family."

"I think I could assist you, madam," said Van Alstyne, blushing like a girl as he spoke, and casting his fine eyes down—"she happens to be a pupil of mine," he went on, "her name is Leoline, and her especial protector is John Lake, the Quaker straw-merchant; perhaps you know him."

Mrs. Dinsmore signified that she did, and would send Gray with a message to him in the morning.

"I shall be happy to serve you," said Van Alstyne, "as I go home to-morrow."

"Not so soon, I hope," said Mrs. Dinsmore.

"My duties, madam, do not admit of longer delay, or I know of no place where I could spend my time more delightfully," answered Van Alstyne.

The compliment was gracefully acknowledged. At that moment Mrs. Dinsmore was called from the table into the sick room. On a couch lay the girl, her slender form enveloped in a dressing-gown, her long hair lightly bound, coiled about her temples, her face, that had been flushed, now white and pallid. She was calm, though very weak, and as the kind lady entered, she held out her hand, saying,

"Forgive me for this trespass upon your hospitality; I am subject to fever, and the thorough wetting I received has brought on a sudden attack. I have friends in Philadelphia, who will remove me as soon as they know of my illness—I walked too far," she added, faintly smiling; "I am not used to walking; I am," she faltered, "in search of a long lost friend."

Mrs. Dinsmore, with true delicacy, forbore to question her just then—she drew the curtain closer; the rain yet drove heavily against the pane, though the shower was subsiding.

CHAPTER XXI.

MORE CONCERNING CHIP, AND A VISIT FROM MASTY.

It was a darkened room, and the footfalls were light, the words spoken in whispers. The doctor stood at the head of the couch, his wife knelt at its side. Chip lay in a death-like slumber, her hands disposed upon her bosom. The doctor's wife looked up frequently with a mute, appealing glance in her husband's face; his eyes were intent upon the child. One would scarce see the moving of her night-dress that lay over her form like a shroud—she was so still. There was no sound in the room, not even the sound of her breathing, the breath went and came so lightly. The portrait of the little child on the wall seemed instinct with pitying life, as its mild eyes gazed down on the sleeper. The deepest anxiety was pictured upon the faces of the doctor and his wife, for the crisis had come. For three days they had cared for her so tenderly! She must not die. How they had fanned and cherished the little spark of life! How they had watched the fever-glitter in her eyes, and counted the faint pulse! How often they had smoothed the silken hair! and what sweet words they had murmured in her ear! How impressively dear it had become even in that time to feel the presence of a little child in the house—she must not die. An hour had passed, and the doctor cautiously took out his watch, looking alternately at it and the child. A glad smile illumined his earnest face as he whispered—"We shall save her." With a mute pressure of the hands together, his wife lifted her tearful eyes; she was very happy, very thankful.

Chip came out of her slumber, and with a faint moan opened her eyes. There was nothing cruel around her; no harsh, unfeeling Mrs. Snackskin, no rude boy or thoughtless girl to torment her into a fever, but instead a pair of the sweetest, mildest brown eyes, and lips that, softly as rose-leaves, touched her brow, pale with the pressure of disease; and another face, frank and sunny with the hope-light that had come back to its noble features, and cheerful tones that said, "Well, my little lady-bird, we must take care of you."

Chip lay in a delicious, dream-like repose, scarcely conscious of existence, and she took the delicate nourishment from the fair hands that proffered it, and faintly smiled.

The next day Chip was better, and the next and the next. Gradually her strength returned, and she lay bolstered up by pillows, her glances perpetual questions. The doctor's wife made her a beautiful toy and gave it to her. She gazed at it with pleased surprise, then laid it down as if the effort had used up all the wonder she was capable of feeling just then. Pictures were brought; a red flush sprang to either cheek as she looked at them, and she astonished the good people by crying out as she feebly clapped her hands—"Oh! the princes

LE VAUGN AND MOTHER KURSTEGAN IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

the kings with crowns, and the beautiful angels!" then starting, she sank shyly back and was silent again, only speaking with her great, expressive eyes. At last she could sit up. Jenny Angell, the doctor's wife, made her a little dressing gown of delicate pink materials, edged all round with fine lace; and the child looked very sweet and spiritual as she sat there, not yet knowing how to take the singular fortune that had befallen her.

Very soon Chip began to walk about. Her strange wonder at the different articles of furniture, her simple questions betraying such an entire lack of the commonest knowledge pertaining to childhood, astonished her kind protectors. But she evidenced a remarkable facility for acquiring, and a hunger after knowledge, that gave sufficient encouragement for her future. She was childishly delighted with her beautiful clothes, and appeared to great advantage in them. Her long, light locks, treated with care, curled gracefully, her eyes lost the wan look that absence from youthful joys and child companions had imparted to them, her limbs rounded, a soft flush appeared on the delicate complexion, a steady lustre in her eye, and dimples came at the call of hope, and nestled in her cheek. Meanwhile the labor of packing and preparing for a removal to the city was busily going on. One day, but a few before the last, while the doctor was closing a case of choice books, a carriage rattled up to the door, and soon a vigorous step and voice sounded in the hall.

"Who's there?" cried the doctor, going to the staircase.

"La! it's me, Masty," replied the voice; "I've rid, and rid, and the house so full of company, that a mouse couldn't run round the corners."

"Well—anything of me?" queried doctor Angell, a little impatiently.

"Why, yes, of course," replied Masty, slowly ascending the stairs; "it's enough to set one crazy to have them two babies to 'tend to, besides doing every bit of the work, and taking care of those great lazy men from morning till night; I do declare, I'm tuckered clean out."

"Sit down for a moment and rest yourself," said the doctor, "and tell me what's the matter at the tavern."

"Matter, why there jest ain't nothing the matter, except the nerves of that woman, brother Job's wife. It's 'seem's to me, I feel so dreadful; and I've got a pain here, and I've got a pain there—and I'm sorter queer, and I'm kinder faint,' all the time. I ain't no sort of patience with her; I've used rivers of camfire, and mountains of arbs, and oh! dear, dear—" there Mastina set her elbows on her knees, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, till the doctor, out of sympathy, began to laugh too.

"When wit's out, the fool's in," cried Mastina, stopping, with tears in her eyes, "and if Job didn't act the fool this morning, then I ain't actin it now;" and she gave another hearty guffaw. "You see," added Masty, settling the folds of her double chin, and drawing down her mouth, "Job's wife took sick, or thought she did, early this morning. Now I'd got three turkeys to git ready, besides other things, and that made me cross as a Turk, but it didn't make no difference; Job come down and says he, sollum as a chowder, 'Masty, Molly isn't feelin' very well this mornin'. Now it's wonderful, the influence that little mite of a nervous critter has got over that chuckle-head brother of mine; if she said, 'Job, I think I'm dead'—that man 'd believe it, and go and order her coffin. So says he, 'Molly isn't feeling very well this morning, jest go up and do a little something for her, that's a good girl.' I jest fired up and told him that he was a fool, and his wife was a fool, and the baby'd be a fool too if it lived long enough, and so feeling easier, why I went up stairs, and left the man standing with his mouth open.

"'Oh! dear,' says Job's wife, and she giv' a dying look with her eyes.

"'Now, *Mrs.* Job,' says I, 'it's my opinion that if you got up and went down stairs to cook the victles, and let *me* lay *abed* and tend that baby, the change would be a benefit to both of us.'

"'Oh!' says she, 'how can you!'

"'Oh! says I, how *can't* you; you're well enough—well as I am; if your nerves was any where in sight, I'd *pull* 'em all out; you've no business* to make everybody feel bad.' With that she began to cry, and that made *me* feel bad agin, so as the turkeys wasn't half stuffed, says I, 'come, what do you want? work ain't got legs, it's standing stock still down in the kitchen.'

"'I think I'll have to have a whiskey-bath,' said she, holding up her tears for a minnit—'oh! dear.'

"'Job,' says I, calling him, 'Job, bring up a quart of whiskey, and bring yourself up, there's work for you to do.'

"Well, he came with the whiskey, and I put it in a pan on the stove, and went to work to fix her in blankets, and I couldn't help feeling that I'd like to tie her round and round like a mummy, as I've read of, and jest let her dry up, like the things that Belzebub found."

The doctor was quietly laughing to himself as he tied package after package.

"Well, we got her rigged, and set her on to a chair, and the whiskey was nice and hot, and we'd set it jest under the chair, when Job, awkward as ever, jest let his pipe fall in with a live coal in it. Such a time," cried Mastina, lifting her hands, and laughing again, "the whiskey blazed all about the chair—Job, he made for the door to cry murder, 'cause that's what he always cries when he's frightened, and I caught his wife and pulled her out of the blaze in time to save her, but we both upset, chair, baby, and all, and went, she rolling over me, and I over her, till I thought I should *kill* myself laughing. Well, the upshot of the matter is, it's cured her completely; but as she ain't used to feeling well, she's frightened at the symptoms, and sent me post mortem twelve mile after a doctor. Now you can go or not. If jest come 'cause I was too mad to stay; I left dinner on the table, and the turkeys waiting to be cut up, and I spoze they was eat, some way; turkeys don't generally go begging."

The doctor concluding not to go, contented himself with sending some medicine, knowing by experience that visits in that quarter were useless; besides, he thought it very likely that Mastina was right, and that the fright had cured the inn-keeper's wife, as all her complaints were imaginary. So Mastina went off chuckling, as she had come.

CHIP SICK AT DR. ANGELL'S.

Chip, named by her new protectors, Lena, after the dead child, exhibited some trepidation when told that she was to go on a journey. She became very restless, looking eagerly from the window across the distant hills, and frequently sighing in an unnatural way.

"My little girl does not want to go back to her home in the cave, does she?" asked the doctor's wife, one day, kissing her affectionately.

Chip shook her head, but her eyes, now mournful, were filled with tears.

"You love me, don't you, Lena?" asked Mrs. Angell again, as the child laid her head on her bosom. An affirmative nod was the only answer, except that the little girl clung closer to her friend.

"Then what makes you so sad and silent, my child?"

"I don't know," was the mournful reply.

Solitude and austerity, combined with a system of intellectual torture, had almost done their work in the case of this poor child. Her imagination had grown morbid, her affections constrained, her manners irresolute. She had little childish love of pleasure; naturally, her mind had been nervous and vigorous, the ideal predominating. But, thwarted and distorted, it had fallen apparently to the level of a merely infantile capacity, and with the faculties of eleven years she had scarcely the endowments possessed usually by children of seven.

But the mind was there; Mother Kurstegan's wild traditions and poetic delineations, terrible as they sometimes were, had yet fallen upon rich soil. The old woman had taught her to read, by means of letters made on birch bark, and, in a rude way, to draw, also. Still the doctor's wife was puzzled to know by what process to call out the instincts, the natural traits of this child. Toys did not interest her—conversation wearied her—but the measured rhythm of poetry and music set her eyes sparkling, and pictures delighted her.—Through these two mediums the tender woman determined to develope the resources of her now nearly unawakened intellect. With these keys she would unlock the imprisoned mind, and perchance find jewels there worthy a glorious setting. Much depended upon the manner of imparting instruction, and the society of other children. She must be accustomed to see childish company; her tastes and casual preferences must be skillfully managed, in order to aid in her development. Thus mused and planned the good doctor's wife, as Chip sat busily turning over the pages of a beautifully colored picture-book.

Established in their city home, the training was put in process. Masters were procured who were competent to invoke the slumbering talent, if but the germ were there. Nor did the means fail of a result that far surpassed the expectations of the good doctor and his wife. The pale, timid little child grew blooming and graceful; her body expanded as her mentality became more vigorous. She began to display genius; erratic at first—almost ludicrous in its crudeness. It was evident that a mine of wealth had been hidden in the neglected soil—and by the use of fitting instrumentalities it began to glitter here and there beneath the surface. Her voice was like a lute.

"She will astonish us, some day," said her music-master to Mrs. Angell—"I never saw such an original."

This was at the first. It would take much time to measure the breadth and depth of her mind's resources. The doctor and his wife were satisfied that God had given them so wonderful a mind to develope. Every day some new and brilliant gift became apparent. Which would she be?—a poet, painter or singer? Already, when by herself, she improvised unusual airs. If she saw a striking picture or an engraving, she would often say,

"I feel as if *I* made that," and then, with a solemn voice and look, she would add, "may-be I *shall* do something like that, some day."

The recitation of a poem would fill her with strange rapture. Her deep eyes grew luminous; her breath was suspended; her cheek paled and flushed till often the book was laid by from the very pain of sympathy, and she would sit long afterwards, perhaps tearful and abstracted. Gradually the memory of her earlier life grew less vivid, but she often sprang, sobbing, from her sleep, and then it required great tenderness and tact to soothe her.

But let me take my reader back to the time of the burial of Le Vaugn's wife.

CHAPTER XXII

FRIEND REBECCA COMFORTS LEOLINE.

"Can I walk there in three hours?"

So mused the occupant of the old Hantz house, on Arch Street, as she sat with folded hands and dragging head before the little grate. One dim taper burning on the shelf made a quivering circle of light round the fair, bowed head, and the red halo of the little fire threw its reflected crimson full in her face. It was hardly cold enough for a fire, but the room was lofty and large, and would have seemed gloomy without it. The occupant appeared to be a young girl of eighteen years, but in reality she was already past twenty-four. Dressed modestly, in a gray garb that encircled her slender throat, and the sleeves of which were gathered and fastened at the wrist; her dark hair loosely thrown from her forehead, around which it stood, in a wavy twist like a coronet; the woman, soft in feature, and of great grace of attitude, was eminently prepossessing. It needed not the pensive posture and the thoughtful eye to tell, that young as she was, she had yet seen much sorrow. The very repose of her features, the subdued manner, the lips that never smiled, were sufficient indications. The little piano was closed, and did not seem to have been opened for several days. The books on the table drawn to the centre of the room, were shut. Solitary and alone, in the midst of a great, tenantless house, sat the mysterious protege of John Lake, the Quaker preacher.

"Can I walk there in three hours?" she murmured, evidently calculating the distance to some place outside the city limits—and then she added, "I will go to-morrow."

There was a little tap on the door.

"Come in," she said, just loudly enough to be heard, and then starting, exclaimed, "wait, I had forgotten."

Taking a key from her pocket, she came toward the door and opened it. A tall figure in a drab cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head, entered, and depositing a little lantern on the nearest chair, laid both hands on the brow of the younger, and drawing her forehead towards her, imprinted a kiss upon it.

"Brother hath been telling me of thy disquietude, to day," said the Quaker-sister, seating herself, and throwing her hood from a face from which the lily and the rose had not yet faded; then smoothing back her soft, light hair, and tucking it circumspectly under her cambric cap, she added, "he told me at our tea, I had better call and see thee, for he feared some harm had happened to thee."

"Oh! Rebecca, I am very unhappy, very miserable, very wretched," said the young woman, with quivering lip.

"If thee has no new trouble thee is grieving the Spirit, dear child," said the Quaker tenderly.

"But I have a new trouble, friend Rebecca," said the young woman; "or rather the old one has come up afresh—oh!" and she began to wipe the tears that streamed down her cheeks.

"Does, then, the sorrow of that reprobate affect thy heart?" asked the Quaker, mildly, but with a shade of reproach in her voice.

"No, no, I feel nothing but the greatest abhorrence for his duplicity, though God help me to pity his meanest creature, in the time of affliction. Mr. Le Vaugn is as one dead, in my memory; I had forgiven him—I hope I had," she added, in a lower tone. "But, oh! Rebecca, I have heard from my poor mother, and I cannot eat nor sleep till I see her, and make one more attempt to obtain her forgiveness!"

"How did thee hear?"

"Casually, through one of the shop-girls. I knew my poor mother by her description; she has gone to Germantown, where there is an encampment of Indians, to find—*his* child," she shivered as she spoke. "They knew nothing of it, of course, but I conjecture that the little girl has in some manner slipped out of her hands, and she is searching for her. At any rate, she suspected these wandering Indians of having stolen it; the girls laughed at it, and called it a crazy freak. They made merry over her language, her dress, little knowing how every word stabbed me to the heart. Rebecca, I must start to-morrow, and find my mother!"

"Thee is too delicate to walk so far," said the Quaker, shaking her head, doubtfully.—"Thee had better let me speak to brother, and—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the young woman, breaking in upon her, "don't tell him; pray don't; nobody must know it; I must go *alone*; everything depends upon my being left to act in my own way, and follow my own impressions."

"Thee is at perfect liberty," said the Quaker, mildly, "I only thought of thy womanly strength; thee has not made thyself strong in all these years."

"Dear, dear friend!" exclaimed the young woman, almost passionately; and falling at her feet, she covered her face in the folds of her dress.

"Humiliate not thyself, my child," said the Quaker, striving to lift her.

"Let me lie here in the dust, at the feet of one so pure and good," sobbed the girl, as she clung to her knees, "whose greatest purity and goodness have been displayed in her treatment of the erring and unfortunate."

"Child, child, thou shouldst not," said the Quakeress, greatly agitated, while a tear stood in her eye; "remember, we are all poor, fallen creatures, and if either, thou art the better, having conquered through grace. Arise."

"Oh, let me stay here! I feel humble and hopeful, just as I am, on my knees before God and you. Thank you! your hand feels so soft and cool on my head!—oh, if my mother would but love me so! my own mother, who has cast me off!"

"Pray, pray," said the Quakeress, in low and tremulous tones.

"She was a good mother to me," sobbed the young woman, still hiding her face; "I think more and more of it, how good she was, and so refined, so rigid in her ideas of duty, so inflexible in her principles,—oh, that I had been like her!"

"Thee was cruelly deceived, poor child!"

"You *do* believe, then; you believe all I have told you?"

"Believe thee, truly; why should I doubt, my poor lamb?"

"That he went through the mockery of a marriage ceremony, and I thought I was his lawful wife. My grandfather was a chief, a king, and my father, though he was stern and unloving, came of a noble race; if only I had not listened to that false man, when he made me promise to act without the counsel of my mother, never had he wronged me. But, oh, poor man! his little child, his tender little infant, was stolen—stolen by my mother—I know it—her brain was turned by my desertion, and she stole his first born in the marriage tie. That has made me pity him, because his wife was broken-hearted, and he, living in wealth, powerful though he is, and honored, suffers more than I!"

"My child, thee should not speak bitter things against thyself. In that thou didst forget the counsels of her that bore thee, and gave her not thy confidence, thou didst sin; but in the matter of thy false wedding-vows, thou wert as blameless as an angel!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Leoline Kurstegan, springing to her feet, the tears of grief and despair still glittering on her lashes, "you speak with such confidence that I feel better and stronger."

"Is it not time for thy teacher?" asked the Quakeress, rising as she spoke.

The girl's fair face grew crimson as she answered, turning towards the fire, that he had gone away from the city, and might not yet be returned.

"He is a comely young man," said Rebecca, quietly, "and he is returned, for brother came with him but yesterday morning—Leoline, wouldst thou love him if he loved thee?"

The question was abruptly put; the young woman started, and the blood receded, leaving her paler than before. She stood for a moment, irresolute, her lips apart, then suddenly covering her eyes with both hands, she dropped her head, exclaiming, in an anguished voice:

"Don't ask me! don't ask me!"

Rebecca stood in the dim light, a sad smile resting on her lips, and her figure seeming unnaturally tall in the gloom. The room was quite silent, the firelight threw uneven shadows over the spectral walls, and made the girl's figure look wavering as she stood there in confusion and distress.

"Thee should not be afraid to love him," said Rebecca, lighting her lantern to go, "thee is as good as he—be happy, my child; I wish thee a good-night."

Moved by an impulse of tenderness, the lonely girl came forward, and throwing her arms over the neck of the Quakeress, kissed her on either cheek.

"God bless thee, my child," said Rebecca, fervently, and drew her to her bosom; "about this journey, must it be as thee says?"

"I shall go to-morrow," replied the other.

"God go with thee," repeated Rebecca, and left the room with a smile that made the heavy heart light. After preparing a few things for the morrow's journey, Leoline went into a little chamber adjoining, and with a sincere, heartfelt prayer, committing herself to God's care, retired to rest.

Perhaps the reader may ask how a woman of her youth and loveliness came to live in a large, isolated, forsaken tenement. I can only reply that she had no rent to pay, that she earned her own living, and was ambitious to excel as a scholar; that many reasons, needless now to repeat, led her to seek solitude, and to shun the world around her. The old building was owned by Quaker John, hence her privilege of occupying the most habitable part; his sister and himself lived only at the distance of a few squares, and the good Rebecca came in, sometimes, to cheer her solitude.

We have already seen Leoline upon a journey far too arduous for her strength, and prostrated at the house of Mrs. Dinsmore with a sudden fever. It was not to be wondered at that a creature so refined in manner and lovely in person should win the heart of that good lady forthwith. The sadness under which she labored gave rise to a series of conjectures which Mrs. Dinsmore was too innately noble to express in words, for fear of wounding the feelings of her guest.

On the following day, Park and the professor parted with many mutual regrets, the former promising to call on his next visit to the city, "which," said he, "may be as early as—this afternoon."

"I've found them," shouted Park, throwing open the window of his mother's sitting-room, "you must go and see them, mother; it will be worth your while."

"See what? What do you mean, my son?"

"Why the Indians; they are encamped only a mile beyond the woods where we—Van Alstyne and I went the other day; they have been detained by the sickness of their chief, and they will start day after to-morrow for the west; what say you, mother, to a ride out there to-morrow?"

"I have no objections," replied Mrs. Dinsmore pleasantly; turning to Leoline, who sat wrapped in a shawl, she said, seeing her altered countenance, "Park, shut that window, my son; you are giving our young friend a chill." Then as the thoughtless fellow rattled down the sash, she added—"you would like to see this band of wandering Indians."

"Oh! if you knew!" exclaimed the young woman earnestly, "if you knew how much, and why I wish to see them! I will tell you," she added immediately, taking courage from the compassion evinced by the gentle face before her, "I have Indian blood in my veins; my mother is an Indian, the daughter of a chief. My father was an Englishman; you see I have his features and his complexion; my father was an officer in the English army; he educated my mother and married her. My father died when I was a child but seven years old, and my mother then came back to her native country. She has seen much misfortune—but—the greatest of all has been—the loss of her reason. An event—which plunged her in great affliction," continued the speaker faltering, "happened some ten years ago. I was thrown upon the world, and—I cannot tell you—it distresses me; it kills me," she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"You need not; I divine the rest," said Mrs. Dinsmore, moved by her sorrow; "your mother cannot be controlled; she wanders over the country, and sometimes you hear of her whereabouts by chance, and as now, seek her and try to obtain an influence over her. But it is always so with those who labor under this misfortune, they turn away from the hand they have loved the best."

Before Leoline could reply, John Lake, the Quaker preacher, was announced. Leoline sprang to meet him, her cheeks flushing with a glad surprise. He sat down by her side, and with fatherly interest questioned her about her health, and gravely chid her for undertaking a journey so fatiguing alone. He gladly assented when invited to join "the Indian-hunting-party," as Park named it, and was so chatty, lively and agreeable, that Park announced privately to his mother, that he was in the way to make one of the most interesting old fossils that could possibly be preserved. A gentle, chiding shake of the head, a pinch of the ruddy cheek, and Mrs. Dinsmore told him to be silent and be a good boy, which was invariably the extent of her chiding.

"I say, mother," cried Park, putting his mischievous head in at the door of her chamber, afterwards, "she's a real beauty, almost as handsome as you."

"Nonsense!" said the gratified mother, making a feint of throwing her cologne over him, "go to bed." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An epitaph which graces the churchyard of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, runs thus:

"Here lie the bones of Richard Sawton,
Whose death alas, was strangely brought on;
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off.
His toe—or rather, what it grew to—
An inflammation quickly flew to;
Which took, alas, to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying."

☞ Great commanders record their actions with simplicity, for they have more glory from deeds than from words.—*Montesquieu.*

☞ A sailor went to see a funeral; on his return from the churchyard, he said he had never seen a funeral ashore before. "Why, what d'ye think they does with their dead men?" said he to a shipmate. "I'll just tell ye; they puts 'em up in long black boxes and directs 'em."

☞ A Gamester's Consolation.—A gamester, finding luck to go very hard against him, exclaimed, "Ah, Fortune! 'tis true you make me lose, but I defy you to make me pay."

☞ Joe Jinks was fishing, and Sally Squares was sitting on a log beside him. "Sally," said he, "I wish I was a fish, and you was a bait—how I'd bite!"

☞ Every great poem is in itself limited by necessity,—but in its suggestions unlimited and infinite.

☞ Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

☞ The best heads can but misjudge, in cases belonging to the jurisdiction of the heart.

☞ Military Rations.—"Does my son William, that's in the army, get plenty to eat?" asked an old lady of a recruiting sergeant, the other day. "He sees plenty," was the laconic reply. "Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

☞ The universe is a book, and we have only read the first page if we have not been out of our own country.

☞ They who drink away their estate, drink the tears of their widows, and the blood of their impoverished children.

☞ There are few things in which address and judgment are more necessary than in the giving of advice, which is showing a man that you either know more or are better than himself.

ONE OF THE HORSE TRADES.

Tompkins bought a fine horse—paid $300 for him. The horse, after a few months, proved to be lame in the right shoulder—Tompkins was distressed about it. Tried all sorts of remedies—embrocations, liniments, Mustang included, under the advice of the very best veterinaries, still the lameness was obstinate, and grew rather worse. He became desperate, and hit upon this device to sell the horse. He drove an ugly tenpenny nail plump into the right fore-foot, and left it there for ten days; when he led the tortured animal limping to a neighboring blacksmith to be shod. The blacksmith was a dealer in horses, and quite a a jockey in his way. After a while Tompkins called at the shop for his horse. "That's a splendid gelding of yours, Mr. Tompkins—pity he's so lame," says the blacksmith. "He is, indeed," replied Tompkins—"but he is very lame, and I am afraid he can't be cured." "Perhaps not, and may-be he can," says Vulcan; "how much would you be willing to take for him, just as he stands, Mr. Tompkins, money down?" "Ah, well, I don't know what to say to that. If he is cured, he is worth all I paid for him, and even much more, as horses go now; but if his lameness should continue, you see he is worth nothing—not a dollar." The blacksmith began to chaffer.—First he offered $50; then $100; and at last, $200 for the animal. Tompkins was persuaded, and accepted the last offer. The money was paid down, and the horse delivered on the spot. "Now," says the blacksmith, "as the bargain is finished, I will be frank with you, Mr. Tompkins. I suppose I can tell you just exactly what ailed that horse." "Can you?" says Tompkins, "well, I shall be glad to hear it. I *thought* you must know all about it, or you would not have paid me so much money for him." The blacksmith produced the nail, and assured Tompkins, with great apparent satisfaction, that while paring down the horse's hoofs, he had found that infernal long piece of iron, and drawn it out of the frog of the near fore-foot. "Is that *all* you know about?" Tompkins asked, very quietly. "All! isn't that enough, for conscience sake?" "Well," replied Tompkins, "I don't know as it is. I will be equally frank with you, since the bargain is finished. I drove that nail into the *foot*, but the lameness is in the *shoulder*, I think you will find."

As soon as any one of the ethical professors at Cambridge can find a moment's relief from the spiritual-rapping discussion, Mr. Tompkins and his friend would be delighted to receive a learned opinion from Old Harvard, upon the question of comparative roguery between the parties to this horse trade.—*Boston Post.*

A Word for the Puritans.—One of the most quoted hits at the Puritans is the remark of Macaulay, that their opposition to bear-baiting was "not on the ground that it gave the bear pain, but because it gave the people pleasure." Now, Mr. Macaulay, (says Brown, who is not a Puritan,) suppose you have judged correctly of the motive of the Puritans' hostility to bear-baiting, were the Puritans in the wrong? To relieve the question of all prejudice, let us take it, "for the purposes of this trial," out of the Roundhead and Cavalier atmosphere, and inquire about Spanish bull-fights. Why do moralists everywhere and of all sects denounce that sort of amusement? Is it in pity of the bull? or even of the half brute who goads him on to battle? Is it not that to *find pleasure* in cruelty to man or beast depraves the mind and hardens the heart of the spectator? That's the point, Mr. Macaulay, and the Puritans were right. Never mind the bear—he could bear it (excuse the pun) much better than the people, who grew ursine and brutal while they rejoiced in the agonies of Bruin.—*Post.*

Art builds on sand; the works of pride
And human passion change and fall,
But that which shares the life of God,
With Him surviveth all. —*Whittier.*

☞ Folkestkrs.—One of "ours" coined a new word this week, which is very comprehensive. He styles those persons who rush to watering-places in mid-summer, and subject themselves to every annoyance for the sake of being regarded as belonging to the bon-ton, folly-busters.

☞ The London Stereoscope Company have issued a poster in which is a lithographed stereoscopic view of a wedding, and above they place the following:—"The two become one, and produce an effect unknown to art."

☞ The oft quoted expression, "Hell is paved with good intentions," was original, it is said, with Father Ribiera, a Spanish Jesuit, of the 16th century. It occurs in one of his "Reflections." His works are in use in many Roman Catholic schools in Great Britain.

☞ Labor rids us of three great evils—poverty, vice and *ennui*.

☞ Society is like the air—very high up it is sublimated; too low down it is perfect choke-damp.

☞ Many an old hat has gone to an evening party, and come out as good as new.

☞ Very nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great mind, but oftener a little one.

☞ The most disagreeable two-legged animal is a little great man, and the next, a little great man's factotum and friend.

☞ An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude.

☞ A Mean Wretch—Just Like 'Em.—*Mr. Jones*—How pretty your bonnet looks, my dear. *Mrs. Jones*—Lor, Henry, it is quite an old one. *Mr. Jones*—That fact constitutes its chief prettiness, my economical love. [And the creature, with one of his provoking smiles, could go out and join in a dinner at the Ship at Greenwich, and what he calls "charter a Hansom" to get back to the club, and have nothing but fiddler's money left out of a five-pound note. A man, my dear!]

☞ I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies—who cherish for them the highest respect—are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance—whose tongues are lightly hung—who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment—are their favorites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action towards them; and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of love.—*Addison.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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TERMS.

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PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "Lines to O. C;" "Remembrance is Sweet."

C. P. C. Respectfully declined. It is pretty and fanciful, but has some faults of construction.

THE SCHOOLMASTER CONSIDERED

Our London friend—the *Athenæum*—for whom we have kept a pen in pickle ever since he capped his chronic abuse of American books and authors, by the mean and churlish notice of Miss Bacon's work on the philosophy of the Shakspearean plays—notices a prize offered in England by the United Association of Schoolmasters for the best essay "On the best means of making the schoolmaster's function more efficient than it has hitherto been in preventing misery and crime," and asks—scoffingly, of course—"Can anybody tell us what this means? What is the schoolmaster's function? Is it a ferule? Can a function prevent?"

Yes, beloved *Athenæum*, there are a great many people who can tell you what it means. There are plenty of thoughtful people that can tell you what the schoolmaster's function is, and that it is not, by any means, a ferule, and that it can prevent. But then, oh, ferocious conservative, although you ask, you don't want to know, you know!

Of course we understand the *Athenæum* to be, in part, cavilling at the grammar of the United Association's sentence, but then it also cavils at the schoolmaster, whom we think a very important personage, and not worn upon the sleeve of the Age for such daws as the *Athenæum* to peck at. Next to fathers and mothers, we do not know any more important persons in the world's affairs, nor any that have more influence for good or evil, than schoolmasters. Something like what Pope said was the function of the tragic muse—

> "To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
> To raise the genius and to mend the heart—"

is the function of the good and great schoolmaster. It is not, dear *Athenæum*, as you would seem to think—it is not to wake the soul by tender or truculent strokes of the ferule that the master came upon the scene. Petty pedagogues may imagine that the tree of Knowledge is a bamboo-tree, only meant to furnish them rattans, and may find it impossible to teach or govern youth without constant and copious castigation. But the best schoolmaster we ever knew was one that secured the respect and good-will of the whole school by his genial and gentle manners, by the unvarying, firm, equable sweetness of his temper, by the kind, calm magic of a mild, cheery, orotund, decisive, and resistless voice, by the attractive and commanding presence of the gentleman, and by the equity and thoughtfulness of his conduct to his scholars. He ruled without corporal punishment, a school which had never been so ruled before he assumed its command, and which never was again, after he resigned it. Under his wise and kindly hand, a turbulent mob of rude boys subsided into order as by magic, and, stimulated by the self-respect and emulation which he awakened in them, they controlled themselves. Nay more, they toiled like heroes their studies, proud to exhibit a proficiency which never failed to win the reward they sought—his recognition and approbation. The dullest, most stolid and chuckle-headed boy in the school—a fat fellow, red-headed and blobber-cheeked, whose school life under the previous masters had been a daily succession of tremendous canings inflicted for a stupidity he could not help—canings which seemed only to make him stupider—this boy absolutely glowed with enthusiasm under the new master's treatment, and with ludicrous zeal labored to memorize his lessons, blundered out the results at recitation, making the most comical mistakes, with the most earnest and ardent desire to excel, till at last—his honest efforts always encouraged and appreciated, his failure never met with reproof or punishment—he actually came to intelligence and information, thanks to the constant stimulus which his own affection for the master that had treated him with such frank and patient kindness, had awakened and kept alive within him. Can a function prevent? Indeed, it can! The way this master exercised his function of school-teaching, prevented a great deal, we are sure. It prevented many a boy there at that school, even in that brief period, from hardening into a reckless rogue or incorrigible dullard, which is the beginning of many a career of misery and crime. The intellect and moral nature both fairly aroused, and struggling to a definite goal, was what that good schoolmaster saw in those scholars when he left them to other hands, and who shall say that what he did for them prevented nothing that it was well to prevent then?

It is useless to prescribe any method for the making of such masters. They are not made—they are born. The man that has not, primarily, in his nature the elements of sweetness, wisdom, and command, never can learn to be a great teacher by any formula or process of education.

For our own part, we set the office of the schoolmaster high—very high. The public rates it low. The public is careless of who it employs in this important office, thoughtless in its requirements of the persons appointed, and shamelessly stingy in the compensation it awards for the service. The fewness of the teachers set to each school, the enormous amount of work exacted from them, and the paltriness of the pay, are a disgrace to the country. Some of the best teachers we have known were women. They were best because superior in tact, intuition, and that subtle influence which radiates from the temper, voice, manner and bearing—that spiritual power which thus publishes itself, and which instructs, sways and moulds the minds of the pupils. They were, as we have said, women. We never knew a single instance where their remuneration was at all commensurate with the labor they performed, the influence they exerted, or the health they wore away in the cause. At one school we have in our mind, the principal—a man—had a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars per annum. His assistant—a woman—who taught the same branches, and the same number of scholars, that he did—who did, in fine, the same amount of work during school hours and did it with a fidelity, genius and success fully equal to his own—she received five hundred dollars per annum! Two thousand dollars difference! What injustice—what folly!

HURRAH FOR CHICAGO.

Chicago has been popularly considered as the Nazareth of this Union, out of which, it has been supposed, no good could come. Its very name is the Indian term for a peculiarly odoriferous animal, unmentionable to ears polite. All the world and the rest of mankind have hitherto delighted to tell satirical and scurrilous stories of Chicago, chief among which is the tale of the man that died there, and astonished St. Peter by presenting himself at the gates of Paradise for admission, a thing which the Saint averred no man from Chicago had ever done before. In brief, Chicago has always been jeered at and fleered at, and we, in common with all our fellow-citizens, have hitherto looked upon it as a capital standing-joke to fling jokes at. Judge then, of our feelings when the other day in looking over our exchanges, we came upon the following touching and soul-exalting statement:—

The editor of the Chicago Times was lately visited by a party of friends, and did not discover, until they had made good their escape, that they had left behind a purse of *three hundred dollars*, and a *deed for a residence* in the southern part of the city.

Do our readers remember in Edgar Poe's admirable story of "The Gold Bug," the contrition of the negro, Jupe, when the treasure is found, and his regretful remark, "An' all dis come of dat pooty little goole-bug dat I boosed in dat salvage manner?" Anglicise Jupe's lingo, and instead of "goole-bug" read "Chicago," and it is our remark on the present occasion, uttered with a similar contrition! Yes, in Chicago, of all places in this world, we find a party of citizens calling upon an editor, and giving him a house and three hundred dollars! Oh, Chicago!—rose of cities that by any other name would not begin to smell as sweet!—whose citizens bestow presents on an editor! An editor! Why, who ever heard of such a thing! An editor! Why, in all other parts of the Union the only presents of which editors are the recipients, are impudent letters, full of complaints and epithets, instructions regarding the editing of the paper, from men who never went to school, and don't know how to spell; threats, promises of cowhidings, gifts of cowhidings, and so forth. Cheat an editor, bully him, say his paper is good for nothing, insult him in every way, trample on his rights and feelings, scoff at his patient, ceaseless efforts to amuse, to instruct, to illumine and to guide; kick him, whip him, pistol him, bowie-knife him—why, all this is neither new nor strange, and happy the editor that has escaped the worst part of it; but to confer favors on him—to give him the deed of a house and three hundred dollars—oh, Chicago! it is too much for us—we are melted to tears!

We recover from our emotion to say, with a pale rainbow of a smile shining on our countenance, that if those generous Chicagoians have any more houses and dollars to give away, they should reflect that charity, which undoubtedly ought to begin at home, ought undoubtedly to go abroad also, and we beg them to remember that in the event of their wishing to dispense any further favors of the kind above-mentioned, to any other editor, an eligible opportunity is now offered. Meanwhile, deeply sensible of the singular benevolence and greatness of their present action, and a fellow-feeling for that fortunate fellow-editor making us wondrous kind, we bestow our best benison upon Chicago.

MRS. GASKELL'S LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Mrs. Gaskell appears to have brought trouble on herself by her life of Charlotte Bronte. It will be remembered that in her incidental narrative of the unhappy career of Branwell Bronte, Charlotte's brother, she mentions a certain woman, then a wife, now a widow, to whom she imputes grave breaches of the conjugal, maternal and social duties, and with whom, she alleges, Branwell Bronte had maintained a guilty intercourse. The woman in question having denied the allegation, and threatened an action, a letter appears from Mrs. Gaskell's lawyers retracting in her name the offensive statements, and tendering an apology, which has been accepted. Mrs. Gaskell's explanation is that the evidence on which she based her statement, proves upon re-examination to be untrustworthy.

Some of the London literary journals—such as the *Critic* and the *Athenæum*—denounce Mrs. Gaskell's conduct in this matter in a vein of truculent severity—unjustifiable, as we think, circumstances and probabilities being considered—and some of our contemporaries on this side of the water, copy these strictures, and add other strictures of their own, based on the assertions that Mrs. Gaskell's reference to the alleged connection of Branwell Bronte with the woman aforesaid was unnecessary, and that, even if true, she had no right to mention the fact alluded to.

This seems to us a very mistaken strain. If the story was true, it was only Mrs. Gaskell's duty to narrate it, since it belonged essentially to the drama of Charlotte Bronte's life. Among the many trials and afflictions which beset Charlotte's way, one of the greatest was the conduct of her brother. Surely one of the most prominent circumstances of that conduct, should not have been blotted from a book whose object is to show how terrible were the sorrows and the trials which the heroic heart of Charlotte Bronte bore to the last, with such steady patience, such unquailing courage and unfaltering principle. Every intelligent person must see that if the alleged incident in Branwell Bronte's career really occurred, it was strictly necessary to the main purpose of Mrs. Gaskell's narrative.

We have another remark to make relative to this matter. No book issued this year has been so eagerly read and so widely welcomed in this country as the "Life of Charlotte Bronte;" and no book has, as it seems to us, been so little apprehended. We have, for instance, a letter from a friend, of whose judgment and insight we think highly, which expresses satisfaction that the domestic life of the Bronte girls, as detailed in the memoir, was not so sad and hard as might have been imagined from the previous accounts we had heard respecting their father! The mere facts as stated seem to us to be sufficiently painful, but setting this view aside, it seems to us strange that any reader of the book should not see that it is rather a book that veils the truth than discloses it—that the worst and saddest things are only implied, and not said, because they could not be said without fixing the most terrible reproach not only upon the Rev. Patrick Bronte, but upon the life and character of those Yorkshire people to whom Mrs. Gaskell is well known, and whom she naturally would not wish to needlessly offend or wound. Her task was one of peculiar delicacy and difficulty. It was to tell the sad truth of Charlotte Bronte's life in such a way as not to arouse the hostility of those people but for whose ignorance, selfishness, stupidity and brutality that life would have been glad and blessed. This she has done in words which at once reveal and conceal. The harsh story is told "gently, gently," and its rebuke is whispered softly and low. The impression left in our own mind from a perusal of the memoir, was that a sadder and darker tale had been withheld than that which had been given, and we supposed that every thoughtful person rose from the book with the same feeling.

Yet, delicately as Mrs. Gaskell performed her task, she could not escape censure. The lightest touch of Ithuriel's spear brings up the devil. Mr. W. W. C. Wilson trails his length of initials into the London *Literary Journal*, at the tail-end of a bitter complaint of the injustice done in Mrs. Gaskell's account of his father's charitable institution at Cowan's Bridge, at which establishment two of the sisters contracted the illness of which they died, and at which the health of all the others was ruined. The story of the irremediable injury done to these costly lives being mildly and simply told, this man complains. Of course he complains. When Dickens drew Dotheboys Hall, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, all the Yorkshire schoolmasters complained. So, when Mrs. Gaskell draws a Do-the-Girls Hall (as Curtis calls it) to match, Mr. Alphabet Wilson complains. These kind of people are always showing us of how many conjugations the verb "to complain" is capable. The Rev. Patrick Bronte, he, too, according to Mr. Wilson, "complains." He complains of "Mrs. Gaskell's remarks on the treatment of his children," says Mr. Wilson. Very well. Let him complain. Let them all complain. But meanwhile, let these habitations of darkness and cruelty be opened to the accusing and reproving day, and let the humanity of Christendom be called up to see how, in familiar and unfamiliar places, involved in homes, institutions, establishments, governments, and their complications of ignorance, bigotry, selfishness and Bedlam whims, human lives, as in the iron shroud of the Italian story, are cramped and crushed, and human hearts, strong and true as were the hearts of those fragile Bronte girls, wear away in the long passion of endurance, and perish daily in slow and uncomplaining agonies. The world needs every lesson, and the lessons that such exposures teach, the world cannot spare.

With regard to Mrs. Gaskell's retraction, while it may be true that the charge brought in the memoir against this nameless woman in relation to Branwell Bronte, is unwarranted by facts, it is yet easy to see how it might be strictly true, and the retraction yet be made. Mrs. Gaskell might have the truth, but not the proof. In case an action was brought against her for libel, where are the witnesses of the justice of her statement? Branwell, Charlotte, Emily and Anne Bronte—all dead. They who alone could testify to its truth or falsehood, are in their graves. Under such circumstances, Mrs. Gaskell has nothing to do but retract a statement which, be it true or false, is not capable of being legally defended. And under such circumstances, our presses might curb criticism, and withhold censure.

JUSTICE FOR PHILADELPHIA.—The *North American* of this city is devoting a share of its attention to the injustice constantly done this city by the Post Office Department, in the forwarding of our mail matter to the West by indirect and circuitous routes, the delay in bringing on the foreign mails from New York, &c., &c. We hope the *North American* will be encouraged to persevere, until the habitual injustice which the business men of this city are subjected to, is brought to the notice of the President, and fully righted. Philadelphia wants nothing but what is right in this respect, and she should not submit silently to such glaring unfairness and wrong.

New Publications.

THE STATE OF THE DEPARTED (S. N. Stanford, New York, for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia), is the title of a sermon preached by Bishop Hobart, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at the funeral of a brother pastor, Dr. Moore, of New York. It is followed by an able, erudite, and interesting dissertation on the State of Departed Spirits, and the Descent of Christ into Hell, in which the ground is taken that the souls of men do not go immediately to Heaven, or to Hell, but to an intermediate state of enjoyment or misery, in which they remain till the final resurrection, when, their bodies being reunited to them, they go to complete felicity or woe in Heaven or Hell. The author claims to show that this is a doctrine of the Episcopal Church, that it may be traced to the Apostolic age, and that it is revealed in the Bible.

THE MARTYR OF THE PONCAS, by REV. HENRY CASWELL, (L. N. Stanford, New York, for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston) is a memoir of the Rev. Hamble James Leacock, a remarkable missionary, and the leader of the West Indian mission to Western Africa, who spent his life in endeavoring to christianize the savages of the Fattalah country, and perished on the scene of his labors.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 11, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Nothing is thought of here, at this present writing, but the approaching elections. The Government having decided to allow of independent candidates being brought forward—while reserving to itself the power of presenting its own list of candidates, and backing those by all the means at its disposition—the democratic party has taken the field in earnest, and is preparing to contest the suffrages of the electors with a zeal that imparts an appearance of unusual animation to the political world, though it will hardly suffice to carry the day. For the Emperor is undoubtedly becoming more popular among the masses; in the rural districts his portrait, in glaring colors, hangs everywhere, side by side with that of his uncle; and the vast majority of the French peasants regard both with the same worshipping adoration, in many cases making no very clear distinction between the two. The shopkeeping class, at first hostile, finding that trade flourishes, are becoming averse to the idea of change; the Legitimists, Orleanists, and the greater part of the Republicans, would rather see the Empire stand than either of the other parties in possession of power. Thus, with the active support of a party of adherents greater than that commanded by either of his opponents, and backed by the passive preference accorded him by his rivals over one another, the Emperor is undoubtedly strong enough to risk an appeal to the ballot-box. The very fact that he invites the country to speak is presumptive evidence that he expects it to speak in his favor; for he has clearly shown that he will only ask for an expression of popular opinion when sure beforehand that the verdict will be on his side. The independent lists are not yet definitely determined on; some few, however, are already published, among others the candidates for seven out of the twelve wards of Paris, which have brought forward the significant names of Cavaignac, Garnier-Pages, Carnot, Goudchaux, Emile Olivier, Vavin, and Ferdinand de Lasteyrie. Could a number of such men be elected, and really consent to exert themselves with a view to modifying, rather than overturning, the sway of the present Chief of the State, impartial lookers-on can hardly doubt that such would be the wisest and most beneficial course for the country.

A REPUBLICAN PROGRAMME.

Anglo-Saxon eyes cannot look on the repressions of the present *regime* without regret and repugnance; yet none who have penetrated a little below the surface, can doubt that any other party, even the Republicans, if they could seize on the reins, would draw them every whit as tight as the Emperor. Not long since I was in a company composed entirely of Republicans of the most advanced opinions; and including several gentlemen who, if their party should chance to get the upper hand, would probably find themselves included in the government. They all, with one accord, declared the government must necessarily be Dictatorial, nothing else sufficing to keep down opposition in France; that they should march 60,000 men immediately upon London, and insist on the proclamation of the Republic in England, *as a mark of fraternal affection* for their English brethren. "But suppose the English should tell you they objected, that they do not want any violent change; that they find their present political organization so elastic as to enable enable them to introduce, quietly, gradually, but surely, all the reforms that the country is ripe for; and that they prefer this progressive method, taking a step at a time, as the popular sentiment is ready for it, never going back, to your way of making a grand leap towards something so far ahead of the convictions of the country, that you are constantly pulled back by the inertia of the masses, and so fall into the bottomless abyss of party strife, civil war, usurpations, and domestic tyranny? Suppose they tell you that they consider their form of Government, with a Queen who serves as a keystone to the social arch, by filling a place that would otherwise be an incentive to numberless ambitions, and whose prerogatives are reduced to being merely the hand that executes the popular will as expressed through its representatives, to be more truly Republican, in the veritable sense of the term, than your violent and autocratic Dictatorships that are Republican only in the designation you bestow on the Chief of the State?"

"All that is mere error and prejudice," interrupted my friend.

"But suppose, right or wrong, that the English hold this conviction," I persisted; "by what right would you march your army upon a friendly nation, and impose upon it (if it were possible!) a form of government that it does not want?"

"By the right of necessity," they answered, with one accord; "do you imagine that with the Republic here, on this side of the Channel, we could suffer England, so near a neighbor, to insult us by the maintenance of her antiquated royalist superstitions on the other?"

The same group of friends,—excellent people in their own way, who would be shocked at the idea of exercising violence, or breaking faith, in private—on another occasion were discussing the financial bases on which the next Republic is to be placed; and nearly all agreed that the first step would be to clear the ground for future measures by proclaiming all contracts entered into since the *coup d'etat* to be invalid and null!

After listening to such theories of political economy gravely set forth by those who aspire to take the place of the present Government, no matter how slight may be one's sympathies with the Imperial *regime*, it is impossible to feel very hopeful of anything better being substituted in its place. The fact is that the French idea of Liberty, in 999 heads out of every 1,000, is simply the liberty of making everybody succumb to your own individual crotchets.

AN AFTERNOON VISIT.

But leaving this long digression, into which I have been most unintentionally beguiled by the echo of the present electoral warfare, let me offer to your readers, as probably a much more amusing subject of contemplation, a glimpse of the *interieur* of one of the most aristocratic mansions of Paris, the Hotel of the Princess ———, descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors, among whom are several who were kings some centuries ago.

The Princess in question is very kind and benevolent; she is moreover one of the best musicians of the day, and possesses, despite her rank, much of the simplicity that generally goes with the artist-nature. She had promised to play, on a recent afternoon, quite without ceremony, some of her favorite German authors for a little group of four persons, all musicians, one being a Marchioness of very noble old lineage, a Duchess, the daughter of the Prince de P———, connected by descent or intermarriage with half of the old nobility of France, the third, a writer not unknown to fame, and the fourth, another not unknown to your readers.

The Hotel ——— is in one of the most beautiful avenues of the Champs Elysees, with a garden in front, a court-yard surrounded by stables and offices behind, and a carriage-drive running round the whole. The Princess though she has lived long in Paris, belongs to the aristocracy of another land; consequently her hotel, though very handsome and elegant, has nothing of the solemn gray grandeur of most of the old family-residences of the native grandees—old mansions that have come down not merely for generations, but for many centuries, as heirlooms in the families of their respective owners. On the contrary, the Hotel ——— is a very bright-looking, cheerful, and picturesque modern house, of white freestone that has not had time to grow dingy; and looks out so pleasantly through the flowers, trees, and statues of the garden, that it seems to smile on the passers.

Entering by the open iron gateway, you go up a paved alley beside the garden, leave your name with the trim concierge, whose white cap seems to light up her well-furnished lodge, and are passed up a lofty stair-case, of white stone, covered with a soft crimson velvet-carpet, protected by the ugly but serviceable brown-holland that usually does duty above grand carpets, on common days. In the landing above are long benches, stuffed, and covered with crimson velvet. Here you are met by a page, in livery rich with gilded buttons, by whom you are conveyed into an inner corridor, protected by folded doors, carpeted like the stairs, but without the brown-holland, and furnished with chairs, cabinets, and screens of old oak, so richly carved, so full of *plaques*, inlayings, and incrustations, that one might spend the whole afternoon in examining them, and the old armor, coffers, tripods, hunting-trophies, and objects of *virtu* that fill the corners.

This magnificent cabinet, with wings enclosing a central cupboard—in which stands a gilded Virgin and Child in a silver shrine, is three hundred years old; the little groups of quaintly carved figures with which it abounds, represent various historical scenes in which figured the ancestors of its princely owners. These suits of mail were once worn by the founders of this ex royal line; that ostrich egg, enclosed in glass, and lying in a silver dish—wrought by Cellini, and oxydized by age—was brought back from the East by a crusading scion. That old book-case was the gift of a crowned head; that *holy-water* shell, carved out of Parian marble, was presented to a former Prince by a Pope; this glorious Sevres vase, six feet high, on a porphyry pedestal, was presented to an ancestor who figured as ambassador here, by a former sovereign of France. All these objects—and their name is Legion—have a history; generally old, and often interesting.

A large gilded chandelier hangs from the centre of the corridor, and gilt branches for candles hang from the walls of its various windings. Through half-open doors you catch sight of gilded walls, and rich furniture, all crimson silk and gilding, tapestry-carpets, statues, and porcelain.

No wall-papers are to be seen; the walls are all painted white, and panelled with richly-gilded mouldings; the doors and wainscots being finished in the same style.

As our visit is perfectly informal, a mere afternoon call, it is made in ordinary walking-dress, and we are ushered into a room known as "the princess's parlor," and usually occupied by our hostess. A large, lofty room; the walls ornamented like the rest, with large mirrors inserted into several of the pannels, rounded at the top, to match the frames of the doors and windows. The curtains of the three large windows are of old green satin, now grown gray, but still showing its rich gloss and heavy texture, and covered with rich, many-colored scrolls and garlands. Rich stores of white lace hang behind these curtains, one being withdrawn to give a glimpse of the garden, and the groves of the Champs Elysees beyond. The central window is placed above the chimney-piece; and covered with a transparent painted blind, through which the groups in white marble, surmounting the mantel-piece, can be perceived from the street. The whole arrangement of the fire-place is most complex. In the first place, the fire-place, full of gilded foliage, cupids, fishes, &c., with fender and fire-irons to match, is made of white marble, carved, and is now choked up with pots of geraniums, azaleas and oleanders; the mantel-shelf also is converted into a garden by means of a long *jardiniere*, of carved oak, richly gilded in lozenges, and filled with another edition of green-house flowers, up to their knees in half-withered moss. A cabinet of ebony, of almost priceless value, so full is it of precious stones incrusted in its panels, its base being composed of gilded cupids as big as goodsized babies, holding garlands of life-sized gilded flowers, stands against the wall opposite the fire-place. Superb vases of Dresden and Sevres china stand on ebony pedestals, carved and gilded to match the cabinet; a large oblong table of the same costly wood and ornaments, stands by the Princess's chair, holding her desk, books, coffers, vases of flowers, and so on. A large piano occupies the centre of the room, with a gilded music-rack beside it. Covers of rich tapestried velvet, with gold and silver fringe, protect the tops of the piano and tables; but everything about the room, the great chandelier, the ottomans of silk and silver, the delightful chairs and sofas, the well-worn gobelins carpet on the floor, the various costly little objects scattered about the tables, all, though of the richest quality, have a perfectly home-like, and every-day look. The tapestry-covers and their heavy bullion fringes, the gilded chairs, the curtains, have none of them that staringly-fresh look you see in the houses of the would-be grand. Here, the costliness is not esteemed as rendering the things too good for use; and the half-faded air of them all, indicating the good homely service they have rendered, immensely enhances the "preciousness" of the general effect. You feel at a glance that this costly, but well-used room, implies something far higher in the social scale than the "touch-me-not" brilliance of the mushroom aristocracy of the counter and the bank.

The Princess—who is reading at her table while awaiting our coming—is dressed with the most unpretending simplicity, in a plain black silk gown, with the simplest of white linen collars and sleeves; her brown hair brushed behind her ears, not over-smooth, and not a bit of ornament about her, save an exquisite cameo brooch. She rises as you enter, shakes hands in her quiet and pleasant way, and installs you comfortably in front of her flowers; begs you to excuse her for a moment, as she "did not think it was quite so late," runs into her bed room—opening out of the parlor, and hung and fitted up with dark blue—and comes back with a bit of black lace, which she fastens over her back-comb with a couple of gold-headed pins, talking simply and gracefully the while.

As for the duchess and the marchioness, who have come together in the carriage of the latter, and who are both large, handsome and intelligent women, their appearance contrasts just as strongly as does that of our hostess, with the fussy showiness of ladies less sure of their "station." The marchioness is dressed in a gown of puce silk, with triple flounce, handsomely fringed, and a scarf of the same silk, hemmed at the ends, and pinned at the shoulders. She wears also a straw bonnet, excessively fine in texture, but of a shape totally unlike the reigning mode; in fact, a "regular poke," trimmed with plain straw-color sarsnet ribbon, a band of gray feathers round the edge, and two little bunches of marabout feathers inside, drooping at each side of the chin; the curtain, composed of blonde and ribbon, being quadruple, and just as odd as the rest of the bonnet. The duchess wears a flounced black silk dress, and a black velvet mantle, with a plain bonnet of fine straw, trimmed simply with white sarsnet ribbon. Nothing can be more unpretending than these toilettes, into which neither crinoline nor hoops are permitted to enter; yet this very simplicity and intentional avoidance of the stereotyped fashions of the day, joined to the delicate quality and perfect freshness of materials, stamp their appearance as that of persons belonging to the very highest rank.

After a short conversation, the Princess places herself at the piano, and an hour passes delightfully in company with Bach and Chopin. Having most amiably satisfied all requests, "Oh, Princess, do not get up without giving us that lovely minuet!" or "Princess, we really must have that last *andante* once more!" our hostess quits the piano, and the conversation, confined at first to music, soon branches off to other subjects, until we find ourselves deep in an argument as to whether metaphysical studies are, or are not, of any use in the world. The duchess thinks not, and declares herself to be of the opinion of a famous wit, who, being asked to define *metaphysics*, replied that it was "somebody asking a question he cannot understand, respecting a subject of which no one can prove the existence," our hostess inclines to think that, within certain bounds, metaphysical inquiry may be useful; and the other three warmly assert the services rendered by metaphysicians in the investigation of the laws of Thought, until the approach of the dinner-hour, recalling our ideas from intangible to tangible objects, at length puts an end to our discussion and our visit together.

On another occasion, we may perhaps take a glimpse of these same ladies—so simple in their daylight habiliments and intercourse—in the glory of evening-dress, and blazing in hereditary diamonds.

QUANTUM.

THE LAST ERUPTION OF MOUNT HECLA.

At the commencement of the year 1845, Mount Hecla, in Iceland, had for seventy-nine years been in a state of quiescence—a period of rest longer than any that had occurred within the historical recollection of man. As early as 1839, however, there were indications that the smouldering fires contained in its bosom were far from extinguished. Still, the recollection of the last fearful eruption being long since forgotten, the minds of the inhabitants retained their newly-gained serenity, and, when the outbreak did come, it took the public mind as much by surprise as though nature had not already been frequently convulsed by the Titanic struggles of the mighty fire monster hidden in the depths of Hecla's bowels.

On the 2nd of September, 1845, commenced the eighteenth eruption of Hecla, that has taken place within the memory of man. Heavy, murky clouds hung over the hilly districts in the vicinity of the volcano, and a dull, oppressive quiet pervaded the atmosphere, when, at nine o'clock in the morning, both earth and air were suddenly convulsed, and all nature was thrown into confusion. The earth shook, the heavens thundered in one continuous roar, like the dashing of the surf on the southern coast in the winter season, and impenetrable clouds of fog and mist wrapped themselves as a veil about the summit of the mountain, hiding it from the strained and anxious gaze of the trembling inhabitants.

About ten o'clock this cloud darkened, and rising slowly from the peak of the volcano, spread itself over the whole sky, deluging the earth with a shower of ashes and scoria, and obscuring the atmosphere to such a degree that the people could with difficulty grope their way to their homes. At three o'clock in the afternoon, daylight was restored, and the fall of ashes changed into a shower of volcanic sand, which continued to pour down until the close of the succeeding day, by which time it covered the ground to the depth of nearly two inches.

It is worthy of note that the thunder which accompanied the commencement of this shower was very feebly heard in the vicinity of Hecla, while in remote places it was distinctly audible. On the island of Grimsoe, lying fifty miles distant, it was mistaken for the discharge of artillery on board a French privateer cruising in the vicinity. A slight trepidation of the earth was also perceptible in some places, while in others it was not at all noticed.

When the cloud cleared away and daylight again made its appearance, Hecla was seen to be belching forth its contents through three different craters—one on the north-east summit of the mountain, one on the highest central peak, and the third lying further back towards the south-west. From the central crater issued a dark column of ashes, which, pierced by irregular flames of lightning, and attended by mighty peals of thunder, raised its lofty head to the clouds before it broke in a shower of ashes on the eastern plains. Both of the other openings emitted dense clouds of white, steamy smoke, but it was seldom clear enough to distinguish them from each other, and the mass ejected by the three craters mixed into one dusky cloud of ashes, which appeared to issue from a single source. Measurements taken of this column of ashes indicate its actual height to have been twice that of the mountain itself, varying at different times in altitude from 6,774 to 13,026 feet.

At half-past seven in the evening a shock occurred, shaking the island to its very foundations, and filling the minds of the inhabitants, both brute and human, with consternation and alarm. The dogs, those faithful companions and assistants of the islanders in all their out-door and domestic operations, ran howling into the wilderness, and did not make their appearance in the vicinity of human habitations until after the lapse of a week. At the same time an immense fan-shaped flame issued from amid the vapors which flowed from the crater, throwing pieces of scoria in every direction, and bearing in its midst huge masses of red-hot stone, which after being whirled about a short time in the air, fell back into the fiery chasm whence they had emerged. As twilight approached, the lava was seen streaming down the west side of the mountain in a flood of liquid fire, overwhelming everything in its course, and heating the streams in the neighborhood almost to the boiling point, so that hundreds of dead fishes were thrown to the surface, while at the same time the hot springs in the vicinity were deprived of their characteristic high temperature.

From the 4th to the 9th of September, Hecla was completely enveloped in clouds of mist. There was only an incessant roaring and the constant showers of ashes to indicate the constant activity of the volcano. The violence of the eruption seemed, however, to be abating, notwithstanding the lava continued to flow at the rate of about fifty feet an hour, with heavy clouds of steam, pursuing its irresistable course, crushing and pushing the cracking masses of scoria sideways in every direction. By the 9th the stream had advanced about half a mile, when it commenced hardening, and at length ceased to flow altogether. On the 12th, it again commenced, the roaring inside of the crater increased, and the column of ashes reappeared. The wind veered to the east, and for the first time the south-western districts received a sprinkling of ashes, destroying the plants and depriving the cattle of their means of subsistence.

The volcano continued in activity until the 24th, roaring and puffing forth globular clouds of smoke and steam, like the breathing of an immense subterranean giant, while the snow-capped mountains, Trieifeld and Oefeld Jokeln, which had never been seen otherwise than of a dazzling white color, were for a time enveloped in black clouds. The volcano, after blustering harmlessly a few days longer, appeared to have become appeased. On the 8th of October the thunder increased in violence, and the lava again foamed in a broad, glowing stream around the top of the hill. On the 4th of November, the hill appeared like a mass of fire from summit to base, as the lava coursed down its sides in three streams, and so Hecla continued in a state of eruption, at times more or less violent, until the middle of March. At times it was altogether hidden by mists and clouds, its existence and position only demonstrated by its continued groaning. Some days it would be entirely quiet, and a thin white vapory cloud played in the air directly over the crater. Then again the lava would flow forth, the column of ashes would be raised on high amidst the uproar of repeated peals of thunder, and would be swayed from side to side by the wind, threatening one district after the other, or driven downwards by the raging east north-east wind. On the 25th of March the fire again lighted up, with a hitherto unequalled glare—at first clear and distinct, and afterwards separating itself in every direction in dark red beams of light, shooting about so rapidly that the eye could scarcely follow them in their course, and presenting all the phenomena of the northern lights. This was the last effort of the volcano. On the next day the top of the mountain emerged from the smoke and flame which had enveloped it for half-a-year, and during the next few weeks a slight emission of smoke and ashes was the only evidence of the eruption that had taken place. After the 6th of April these also disappeared, and by the 11th the lava had cooled off to such a degree that the falling snow lay unmelted upon its surface. Since then Hecla has remained at rest, and all rumors and reports of subsequent outbreaks may be directly traced to the anxiety caused by this eruption, the terrified inhabitants picturing a recurrence of the catastrophe in every rumbling sound and every shower of dust carried by an easterly wind from the ash-covered districts around the volcano.

THE CALIPH, THE SULTANA, AND THE LOVER.

There lived in Bagdad a young man of such extreme beauty that he was surnamed the Brilliant. He had also the gift of poesy. Ommele-Benine, the wife of the Caliph, El-Gulid-ben-Abd-el-Melik, was so much in love with this young man that she fell sick. She introduced him into her apartment every day, and when she feared to be disturbed by the approach of any one, she concealed her lover in a coffer. Such was their daily course. One day the Caliph received a present of a collar of gold, garnished with precious stones, with which he was greatly pleased.

"I will reserve this for my wife," said he, and immediately he ordered one of his eunuchs to carry the collar to the Sultana. The slave, in going to execute his commission, found the house door open.

"What does this mean?" inquired he of himself.

So saying, he advanced stealthily along towards the chamber, whence proceeded sounds of laughter, and he met the eyes of the young man, who started and became pale as death. With a bound the Sultana pushed him into the coffer; but the slave had seen all. He presented the collar, and said:

"Madam, I must demand of you a stone from this jewel."

Indignant at such boldness, she exclaimed:

"Rude creature, depart from my presence!"

The enraged slave went straight to his master, and said:

"My lord, to-day I found a man in conversation with your wife, in such a chamber. At my approach, the Sultana hid him precipitately in such a coffer."

He then described the piece of furniture. The Caliph was infuriated against the servant for bringing him such a message.

"Thou base miscreant dog!" he exclaimed, and ordered his head to be cut off.

When the execution was over, the Caliph rose, put on his slippers, and went to his wife's apartments. She was occupied in arranging her head-dress. He entered and sat facing her upon the coffer indicated by the slave. He said to her in the course of conversation:

"How happens it that you have such a liking for this chamber?"

"Because my apparel is here," she replied.

"May I dare to hope that you will favor me with one of the coffers with which the chamber is furnished?"

"Take, my lord, whichever you please with the exception of the one you are seated upon."

"This is precisely the one I prefer," replied the Caliph; "you must let me have it."

After a moment's stupor, the Sultana said to him—

"Very well, it is yours."

At a signal from the Caliph, the blacks appeared.

"Take this coffer into the Hall of Council and wait for me."

While the slaves were bearing away the coffer, the countenance of the Sultana bore traces of confusion.

"Why dost thou change countenance?" inquired El Ouiid; "perhaps this coffer may contain thy heart."

"Pardon me, my lord, it contains nothing such. If I appear a little moved, it is because I have been taken suddenly ill."

"God will cure thee!" observed the Caliph, retiring.

When he reached the Hall of Audience, he found the coffer upon the floor.

"Raise the carpet," he said, to his slaves, "and dig a hole the size of a man."

The pit being dug, he made a sign to place the coffer on the brink. Then planting one foot upon the piece of furniture, he pronounced the following words:

"News has come to me; if it be true, thy vestment shall be thy shroud, this box shall be thy bier, and it is God that immolates thee. If this news is false, I inter a coffer, and lose only a few planks."

He then pushed the box, which descended rapidly to the bottom of the pit. The blacks filled up the grave, and replaced the carpet.—The Caliph then returned to his spouse, and both deported themselves as if nothing had happened between them. Peace united their existence until the day of death.

A Good Reference.—A stranger, entering a Methodist prayer-meeting, made some remarks, in the course of which he said, "If you don't believe I've got religion, go AND ASK MY WIFE—she'll tell you." The expression came out so bluntly as almost to cause an explosion of laughter. But is it not a good reference? Many a man's estimates of his own religion might be proved all vanity, by just asking his wife, and getting an honest answer from her. How does his religion make him act at home?—THAT is the grand test.

AFTER DEATH.

Tread softly by this long, close-curtained room!
Within, reposing on her sisterliest bed,
Lies one embowered in the velvet gloom,
A creature—dead!
Lately how lovely, how beloved, how young!
Around her beauteous mouth, sweet eyes, and golden hair
(Making the fair thrice fair),
A poet's first and tenderest verse was flung
Now she lies ghastly pale, stone-cold, quite hid
From the balmy April and the fragrant air,
Upon the dark, green, silken coverlid
Her limbs laid out to suit the corse's shape,
Her palms upon her breast—
At rest!

What cries escape—
What sounds come moaning from the chamber near:
Small voices as of children smite the ear
With pity; and grave notes of deeper grief;
And sobs that bring relief
To hearts that else might break with too much woe,
With thoughts of long ago,
Loss of all earthly joy, and sweet Love's overthrow.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

Who were the first settlers of the "Western World?" Though no positive facts point them out, there are theories, not without weight of circumstantial evidence, that the "lost tribes" of Israel were the founders of the cities whose ruins strew Mexico and Central America—that, in fact, they were among the "oldest inhabitants" of our hemisphere. All the tribes of Indians bearing the strongest marks of Asiatic origin, are identified with the Israelites by the following religious rites:—Their belief in one God. Their computation of time by their ceremonies of the new moon. Their division of the year into four seasons. Their erection of a temple, having an ark of the covenant, and also in their erection of altars. Their division of the nation into tribes, with a chief or general sachem at their head. The laws of sacrifices, ablutions, marriages, ceremonies in war and peace, prohibition of eating certain things; traditions, history, character, appearance, affinity of the language to the Hebrew, and finally by that everlasting covenant of heirship exhibited in a perpetual transmission of its seal in the flesh—a custom only of late relinquished.

The Phœnicians (Canaanites) had discovered the American continent five hundred years previous to the migration of the Israelites, and were, it is assumed, the builders of the pyramids of Mexico and Central America, Palenque, Cholula, Otumba, and Tlascala, and other cities of which the ruins now excite our astonishment; and were, also, the introducers of hieroglyphics, planispheres, zodiacs, temples, military roads, viaducts, and bridges, from models of Egypt, Tyre, Babylon, and Carthage. In the apocryphal book of Esdras, of great antiquity, it is said: "Wherein thou sawest another peaceable multitude: these are the ten tribes, which were carried away prisoners out of their own land, in the time of Osea, whom Psalmanzar, King of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them over the waters, so they came into another land. They took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go into a further country, wherein mankind dwelt, that they might there keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land (Assyria), and there was a great way to go, namely, a year and a-half."

The theory based on this passage is, that the aforesaid tribes marched towards the north-east coast of Asia, some remaining in Tartary, while many went to China, where they are known to be sixteen hundred years, and are still numerous to this day. The main body crossed at Behring's Straits to the American continent, the more rude and hardy keeping to the North, and the more cultivated passing down along the shores of the Pacific, through California to Mexico, Central America, and Peru, where they met their ancient enemies, the Canaanites, whom, as once before, they dispossessed of their country. Furthermore, it is urged that they dwelt in California when the ships of Solomon made their three years' voyages, and furnished the "gold of Ophir" to build the temple; also, that they were the settlers and possessors of Mexico, Peru, and the whole Continent, centuries prior to the advent of Christ. William Penn, in writing of the Indians, said: "I found them with countenances like the Hebrew race. I consider these people under a dark night, yet they believe in God and immortality, without the aid of metaphysics. They reckon by moons—they offer their first ripe fruits—they have a kind of feast of tabernacles—they are said to lay their altars on twelve stones—they mourn a year, and observe the Mosaic law with regard to separation."

These facts, with the opinions of McKenzie, Beltrame, Smith, Penn, Menassah Ben Israel, the Earl of Crawford, Lopez de Gamara, Acosta, Malvenda, Major Long, Budinot, Catlin, and other eminent investigators, give at least a coloring of possibility to the theory that the "ten lost tribes" were the progenitors of the races and ideas found in the "New World" on its discovery by Columbus. No careful observer could have looked on the famous "Aztec children," without inwardly exclaiming, "These are surely dwindled offshoots of the Hebrew stock."

Ancient Knowledge.—Dr. Angus Smith read, in London, on the 22nd ult., a paper before the Society of Arts, on disinfectants, in the course of which a masterly epitome of the whole subject, in its numerous relations, was set forth. Commencing with the history of the subject, the lecturer showed that many of the deductions we moderns have arrived at, not without much discussion and the parade of scientific proof, as bearing upon the subject of disinfectants, were known and applied by the ancients. Long before the term "marsh miasm" was known, or its nature speculated upon, or its influence on the production of disease imagined, Hercules delivered the Elians from pestilence by draining their marshes.—Hippocrates, too, was not a mere physician, in the narrow application of the word; he was a sanitarian, inculcating the hygienic benefits of ventilation and a copious supply of water as strenuously as the most fervent disciple of Sir Benjamin Hall. The drainage of ancient Rome is a miracle of constructive skill; and notwithstanding the facilities of water-supply which pipes of iron and steam-pressure throw in our way, it would be difficult to find a modern city so well supplied with water as was ancient Rome.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.

This extract from a reminiscence concerning a series of murders committed some years since in France, develops a rare instance of presence of mind in women. We will promise that the murderer was known by the fact that in some previous brawl or scene of murder, he had lost three fingers from one of his hands:

There lived on the outskirts of Dieppe a widow lady by the name of Beaumaurice.—She had no family, but one servant girl, and lived in a very retired manner. The cottage in which she resided was situated about half a mile from the city—a little off from the public road.

Madame Beaumaurice had been the wife of an officer of the Guards. She was an extraordinary woman in every particular; but especially so in respect to a certain coolness of character she possessed, in the midst of danger, which, together with a large amount of moral courage—made her a very notable person. The recent murders made, perhaps, less impression on her mind than upon any one else in Dieppe—although it was naturally supposed the retired situation in which she lived would have caused her to be more fearful.

About 10 o'clock on the night of the 30th of April, just ten days after the murders in the Rue Grenard, Madame Beaumaurice went up into her bed room. She was suffering from a nervous headache. She felt very sleepy, and seated herself in a large arm-chair previous to undressing herself. The lamp was placed on a chest of drawers behind her. Opposite to her was a toilet-table, with a cloth on it reaching to the floor. She had already commenced taking off her clothes, when happening to look around her, she saw something that for a moment chilled her blood. It was the shadow of a man's hand on the floor. The hand had only three fingers!

She divined the truth in a moment—the assassin was there—in her house—under the toilet-table. She made not the least motion or sign, but reflected two or three minutes as to the best course to be pursued.

She divined what to do, and advancing to the door, called her servant maid.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed she, when the girl entered the room, "do you know where Monsieur Bernard lives? I have to pay 5,000 francs away very early in the morning. The fact slipped my memory till just now. You will have to run to his house and get the money for me."

"Very well, madame."

"I will write you a note which you will deliver to him, and he will give you bank bills to the amount."

She wrote as follows:

My Dear Monsieur Bernard:—The assassin of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is in my house. Come immediately with some gendarmes and take him before he escapes. HELENE BEAUMAURICE.

And without entering into any explanation with her servant, she dispatched her on her errand. She then quietly reseated herself and waited.

Yes, she sat in the room with that man under the table for a whole hour. She sat there calm, cool and collected. She saw the shadow of the hand shift several times; but the murderer did not make any attempts to escape from his place of concealment.

In due time the gendarmes arrived, and Jacques Reynauld was arrested—not, however, without a violent struggle.

I need scarcely add, that the most convincing proof as to his guilt was found, and in due time he was guillotined.

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Oh! breezy harp! that, with thy fond complaining,
Hast held my willing ear this whole night long;
Mourning, as one might deem, yon moon, slow waning,
Sole listener oft of thy melodious song;

Sweet harp! if, hushed awhile that tuneful sorrow,
Which may not flow uninterrupted still,
A lover's prayer one strain less sad might borrow,
Of all thou pourest at thine own sweet will

Now, when—her forehead in that pale moon gleaming—
You dark-tressed maid beneath the softening hour,
As fain to lose no touch of thy sad streaming,
Leans to the night from forth her latticed bower;

And the low whispering air, and thy lone ditty,
Around her heart their mingled spells have wove;
Now cease those notes awhile that plain for pity,
And wake thy bolder song, and ask for love.

A Fair Victim of the Last Epidemic.—A young lady of our city—pretty and interesting, of course—requested a private interview with her papa, in his library, one day last week, and told him that she had fixed her affections upon a gentleman whom she knew he would be unwilling she should wed; but without whom she could not and would not live.

Papa requested the name of the gentleman who had won his daughter's heart; but she, going into dramatic platitudes, declared she felt assured he would not give his consent, but that fate had united them in soul: that the heliotrope of her existence must ever turn to the sun of his love; that the harmony of heaven and earth would be marred if two adoring spirits were divided; if the divine stream of their life did not unite, and flow through the vale of Time, clear, bright, and beautiful.

"But who, who is he? Pray tell me," interposed the father.

The name was given, and the parent, without a moment's hesitation, consented to the union.

The daughter then burst into a Medean storm of seeming grief, which very naturally astonished her parent.

"Why, what ails you, my dear child? Have I not granted your wish? I am perfectly willing you should marry him you love. What more can I do?"

Sighs, tears, groans, and wringing of hands, were the only answer.

"Tell me, my darling, why you are wretched? Have I not given my consent?"

"Yes, yes, (sobbing violently)—but—but—"

"But, what?"

"Why, now, now—I can't—"

"Speak out, my child—what is it?"

"I can't—(with a great burst of emotion)—I can't—oh, dear father—I am wretched; for now—I can't elope!"—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ You will never repent of being patient and sober.

THE TWO MISERS.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither and presented himself to the great master as an humble commencer in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora; "we will go to the market to make some purchases."

They went to the baker.

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter.

They then went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this, also," said the host to his guest: "oil is compared with the best buttor, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They next went to the oil vendor.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality: white and transparent as the water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa: "by this rule water is the very best. Now at home I have a pailful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you."

And, indeed on their return nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised," said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"

A Woman's Trick.—Painting is said to be carried to great excess, at the present time, among the fashionable ladies of Paris, notwithstanding the use of paints ruins the natural complexion. A malicious practical joke which an English lady devised to torment the painted beauties, is thus "made a note of" in a Paris letter to the New Orleans Picayune:—

"They tell a very good joke here of an elderly English woman who had trained a little Havana dog to lick the face of the persons who kissed it. They say that whenever she meets with a lady under false colors, she makes her puppy jump on the lady's lap; the lady caresses the dear little creature, without suspecting that it is a perfidious little scoundrel, which unpaints her cheek with its false but vigorous licking. Not long ago, this English woman was at a brilliant party in the Faubourg Saint Honore; she singled out among all the guests an Italian lady of noble birth, who is extremely addicted to paint, and at the conventional signal, Bibi jumped into the Italian's lap and began to apply its tongue with great energy—one side of the Florentine's cheek was like a peach smothered in cream, the complexion of sweet sixteen; the other side was shrivelled, wrinkled, yellow. It required all the French dexterity of smothering laughter to suppress the peals of merriment which this sight excited to explosion; and the malice of the English woman was delighted by the laughing eyes of the whole room. But that night Bibi was taken sick with a violent *gastritus*, and two days afterwards it growled its last bow-wow-wow in the arms of its weeping and desolated mistress, who told everybody that it was the paint of the Italian which killed this angelic pug, and she spreads this report so industriously, it is said, that there is no small chance of its getting into the court-house in the shape of a suit for slander. The rumor goes that the English woman is now busy training a King Charles dog to the masterly activity of tongue which distinguished the other little animal.

Strange Dreams.—At the siege of Charleston my father observed that his lieutenant, Alston, a very brave man, was dejected. What is the matter, Alston? I am going to death! Why say that? I have been often wounded, and always the night before being so I have dreamt of hunting deer of a peculiar form. Last night they turned on me. I shall be killed. Nousense, man! Alston shook his head. It was dark, and the town quiet the whole night, not a shot was fired, the relief came in the morning, the grenadiers retired, and when at some distance, my father said, Alston, false is your dream! No! no, true! I feel it is so. At that instant some loose straggling shots came from the town, and Alston struck by four, fell dead; no other man was touched, and four were the number of the deer he had dreamed of. Another. General Fox went to Flanders with the Duke of York; his wife was confined soon after his departure; he was away more than two years, and never saw his child; yet he suddenly dreamed, not only that it was dead, but that it was visible to him, and he knew its features; he mentioned the day and hour of its death, taking its appearance to him as the test, and he was exact. Some months afterwards he returned to England. Mrs. Fox had changed her home; he entered a room in which he had never been before, yet instantly recognized it, and all the furniture, as being what he had seen in his dream; it was the room in which the child had died, and he fixed on its picture there, saying that is the child I saw in my dream!—*Life of Sir C. Napier.*

Sir Loin.—The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles the Second, of England, who, dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. When told that it was the loin, "Then," said he, "I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir Loin."

In an old ballad this circumstance is thus mentioned:

"Our Second Charles, of fame facete,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleased, o'er the meat,
Arise, thou famed Sir Loin."

And in another ballad it is thus noticed:

"Renowned Sir Loin, oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad,
On thee, our kings oft deign to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
Then, how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup maigre, frogs, and salad!"

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

One of the most striking novelties in *lingerie* is a mantelet suited to the carriage drive. It is composed of clear muslin, lined with lilac tarlatane, and it has a hood, lined in the same manner. The mantelet is edged round with a deep frill or flounce, bordered with a full trimming of guipure. The hood is finished with a bow of black velvet, and a similar bow fixes the mantelet in front of the waist. A fichu and under sleeves, intended to be worn altogether (as a set,) are composed of spotted tulle. The fichu is trimmed with a frill of lace and with small ruches of blue ribbon, pinked, and arranged in rows. The under-sleeves are formed of puffs of spotted tulle, and are trimmed with frills of lace and ruches of blue ribbon, pinked, like those on the fichu. A jacket of plain white muslin has the skirt, or basque, trimmed with a frill of muslin, edged with needle-work and valenciennes, and the frill is surmounted by a bouillonne, through which is passed a running of pink ribbon.

Among several evening dresses recently prepared, one consists of a dress of blue tulle, having the upper part of the skirt covered with two broad flounces, and the lower part with bouillonnes of tulle. Small bouquets of pink and white daisies, encircled with green moss, are here and there intermingled with the bouillonnes; and the flounces are looped up with agrafes of the same flowers. The corsage is formed of bouillonnes of tulle with daisies intermingled. A dress of white silk made with a double skirt has the under skirt trimmed with a flounce of blonde lace. The corsage is ornamented with a berthe of blonde lace, fixed on each shoulder with a bouquet of blue convolvulus.—*London Lady's Paper, May 30.*

"BLACK VERSION."

The legend concerning the color of Adam's and Eve's skin, and the causes of the different varieties of shade and complexion now observable among men, are more numerous than the varieties themselves. The following, which takes it for granted that all the inhabitants of the earth before the Deluge were black, and attributes those variotics to the sons of Noah, is new to us, and may perhaps amuse some of our readers:

"Noah," say the black Marabouts, "was entirely black. His three sons were also quite as black as their father. One day, when Noah knew that his life would soon end, he showed his sons a pit, partly filled with water, which he said had the wonderful property of completely transforming any one that leaped into it. For a moment they all hesitated, but Japhet suddenly rose and plunged into it, and almost as suddenly reappeared from the magical water, under the form of a handsome young Caucasian. Shem, seeing this, eagerly followed his example, but, to his astonishment, the water had disappeared, and only a few ripe lemons were at the bottom. With the juice of these he rubbed his skin, and issued from the pit, not black, but of an Indian's copper-color. Ham then took courage, and with one bound reached the bottom of the pit on his hands and feet. Frantic at the disappearance of the water, he even put his lips to the ground to suck up the few remaining drops of the lemon juice; thence it happens that the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, and the lips of the negro race are of the same coppery color as the skin of Shem."

Singular Good Fortune.—One day the English Duke of Chandos, being on a journey, saw at the door of an inn at which the horses were changed, a groom beating a young servant girl with a horsewhip. Taking pity on the poor girl, the Duke went to interpose between them, when he was informed that the groom and the girl were married. This being the case, nothing could be said; for the law of England, at that time, permitted husbands to beat their better halves to any excess short of death. The groom, who had noticed the movement of the Duke, came up and offered to sell him his wife, if he would buy her; and, in order to save her from further punishment, he did so. But, when the bargain was concluded, the Duke did not know what to do with his new acquisition, and so he sent her to school. Soon after this the Duchess of Chandos died, and the Duke took it into his head that he would marry his purchase; so that eventually the poor servant girl, whom a groom had beaten by the roadside before every passer-by, became Duchess of Chandos, and comported herself in her new rank with perfect dignity; for, thanks to their exquisite tact, which is so superior to that of men, women are able to mount the social scale with marvellous facility, and it is seldom that they do not easily throw off all traces of an inferior origin.

Animal Diet Bad for Children.—There is no greater error in the management of children than that of giving them animal diet very early. By persevering in the use of an over-stimulating diet, the digestive organs become irritated, and the various secretions, immediately connected with, and necessary to digestion, are diminished, especially the *biliary secretion*; and constipation of the bowels, and congestion of the abdominal circulation, succeed. Children so fed, become, moreover, very liable to attacks of fever and of inflammation, affecting particularly the mucous membranes; and measles, and the other diseases incident to childhood, are generally severe in their attack. In reference to this last remark, a distinguished medical gentleman mentioned to us that, in families where children lived on simple diet, if they were seized with measles, whooping cough, mumps, and similar diseases, he never called but once, as he knew there was no danger; but that in families where an opposite course was pursued, he always expected trouble.

Singular Death Scene.—Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Bronte," relates the following incident, at the death of Patrick Branwell Bronte, only brother of Charlotte:—

"I have heard, from one who attended Branwell in his last illness, that he resolved on standing up to die. He had repeatedly said, that as long as there was life there was strength of will to do what it chose; and when the last agony came on, he insisted on assuming the position just mentioned."

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY-TREE.

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard,
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word,
And again with a word, when the curate said "Hey,"
She would put forth her mettle and gallop away.

As near to the gates of a city he rode,
While the glorious sun all brilliantly glowed,
The good man discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild brier;
High up on a bough, might have tempted a brute,
Large, glossy, and black, hung the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry, and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
Then stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature kept still,
And he gathered the fruit till he'd taken his fill.

"Sure, never," he said, "was a creature so rare!
How docile, how true, is this excellent mare!
See, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been, if some fellow this way
Had, dreaming on mischief, but chanced to say
'Hey!'"

He stood with his head in the mulberry-tree,
And he spoke out aloud in the height of his glee;
At the sound of his "hey!" the mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild brier bush;
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
"Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said."

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LX.

THE SOMBRERO.

The horses cowered under the cold rain, all of them jaded and hungry. The hot, dusty march of the morning, and the long, rough gallop of the night, had exhausted their strength; and they stood with drooped heads and hanging ears, dozing and motionless.

The men, too, were wearied—some of them quite worn out. A few kept their feet, bridle in hand, under shelter of the impending cliff; the others, having staggered down, with their backs against the rock, had almost instantly fallen asleep.

For me was neither sleep nor rest; I did not even seek protection against the storm, but standing clear of the cliff, received the drenching shower full upon my shoulders. It was the chill rain of the "norther;" but at that moment neither cold *norte* nor hot sirocco could have produced upon me an impression of pain. To physical suffering I was insensible. I should even have welcomed it, for I well understood the truth, proverbially expressed in that language, rich above all others in proverbial lore, —"*un clavo saca otro clavo*," and still more fully illustrated by the poet:

Tristezas me hacen triste,
Tristezas solgo a buscar,
A ver si con tristezas
Tristezas puedo olvidar.

Yes, under any other form, I should have welcomed physical pain as a neutraliser of my mental anguish; but that cold norther brought no consolation.

Sadly the reverse. It was the harbinger of keen apprehension; for not only had it interrupted our search, but should the heavy rain continue but for a few hours, we might be able neither to find or further to follow the trail. It would be *blinded*—obliterated—lost. Can you wonder that in my heart I execrated those black clouds, and that driving deluge?—that with my lips I cursed the sky and the storm, the moon and the stars, the red lightning and the rolling thunder?

My anathema ended, I stood in sullen silence leaning against the body of my brave horse, whose sides shivered under the chilly rain, though I felt not its chill.

Absorbed in gloomy thought, I rocked not what was passing around me; and for an unnoted period I remained in this speechless abstraction.

My reverie was broken. Some expressions that reached my ear told me that at least two of my followers had not yet yielded to weariness or despair. Two of them were in conversation; and I easily recognized the voices of the trappers. Tireless, used to stern struggles—to constant warfare with the elements, with nature herself—these true men never thought of giving up, until the last effort of human ingenuity had failed. From their conversation, I gathered that they had not yet lost hope of finding the trail, but were meditating on some plan for recovering and following it.

With renewed eagerness I faced towards them, and listened; both talked in a low voice. Garey was speaking as I turned to them.

"I guess you're right, Rube. The hoss must a gone thar, an' if so, we're boun' to fetch his tracks. Thar's mud, if I remember right, all roun' the pool. We can carry the candle under Dutch's sombrera."

"Ye-os," drawled Rube, in reply; "an ef this niggur don't miskalk'late, we aint't a gwine to need eyther cannel or sombrairay. Look'ee yander!"—the speaker pointed to a break in the clouds—"I'll stake high, I kin mizzure this hyur shower wi' the tail o' a goat. Wagh! we'll hev the moon agin, clur as ivor in the inside o' ten minnets—see ef we haint."

"So much the better, old hoss; but hadn't we best first try for the tracks? time's precious, Rube—"

"In coorse it ur; git the cannel an the sombrairay, an le'a be off, then. The rest o' these fellurs had better stay hyur; thu'll only bamfoozle us."

"Lige!" called out Garey, addressing himself to Quackenboss,—"Lige, gi us yur hat a bit."

A loud snore was the only reply. The ranger, seated with his back against the rock, and his head drooping over his breast, was sound asleep.

"Durned sleepyhead!" exclaimed Rube, in a tone of peevish impatience. "Prod 'im wi' the point o' yur bowie, Bill! Rib-roast 'im wi' yur wipin'-stick! Lam 'im wi' yur laryette!—gi' 'im a kick i' the guts!—roust 'im up, durn 'im!"

"Lige!—h o!—Dutchy!" cried Garey, approaching the sleeper, and shaking him by the shoulder, "I want your sombrera."

"Ho! wo! stand still! Jingo, he'll throw me! I can't get off; the spurs are locked. Ho! wo! wo!"

Rube and Garey broke into a loud cachinnation that awakened the rest of the slumberers.—Quackenboss alone remained asleep, fighting in his dreams with the wild Indian horse.

"Durned mulehead!" cried Rube, after a pause; "let 'im go on at thet's long's he likes it. Chuck the hat off o' his head, Bill!—we don't want *him*, thet we don't."

There was a little pique in the trapper's tone. The breach that the ranger had made, while acting as a faithful sentinel, was not yet healed.

Garey made no further attempts to arouse the sleeper, but, in obedience to the order of his comrade, lifted off the hat; and, having procured one of the great candles, he and Rube started off without saying another word, or giving any clue to their design.

Though joyed at what I had heard, I refrained from interrogating them. Some of my followers who put questions, received only ambiguous answers. From the manner of the trappers, I saw that they wished to be left to themselves; and I could well trust them to the development of whatever design they had conceived.

On leaving us, they walked straight out from the cliff, but how far they continued in this direction it was impossible to tell. They had not lighted the candle; and after going half-a-dozen steps, their forms disappeared from our view amidst the darkness and thickly falling rain.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE TRAIL RECOVERED.

The rangers, after a moment of speculation as to the designs of the trappers, resumed their attitude of repose. Fatigued as they were, even the cold could not keep them awake.

After a pause, the voice of Quackenboss could be heard, in proof that the heavy sleeper was at length aroused; the rain falling upon his half-bald skull had been more effective than the shouts and shaking of Garey.

"Hillo! Where's my hat?" inquired he, in a mystified tone, at the same time stirring himself, and groping about among the rocks.—"Where *is* my hat? Boys, did any o' ye see anything o' a hat, did ye?"

His shouts again awoke the sleepers.

"What sort of a hat, Lige?" inquired one.

"A black hat—that Mexican sombrera."

"Oh! a black hat? no—I saw no black hat."

"You darned Dutchman! who do you expect could see a black hat such a night as this, or a white one eyther? Go to sleep!"

"Come, boys, I don't want none o' your nonsense; I want my hat. Who's got my hat?"

"Are you sure it was a black hat?"

"Bah! the wind has carried it away."

"Pe gar! Monsieur Quack'bosh—votre chapeau grand—you great beog 'at—est il perdu?—is loss?—c'est vrai? Pardieu! les loups—ze wolfs have it carr'd away—have it mange—eat? c'eet vrai?"

"None o' your gibberish, Frenchy. Have you got my hat?"

"Non! votre chapeau grand! No, Monsieur Quack'bosh—vraiment je ne l'ai pas; pe gar, no!"

"Have you got it, Stanfield?" asked the botanist, addressing himself to a Kentucky backwoodsman of that name.

"Dang yar hat! What shed I do wi' yar hat? I've got my own hat, and that's hat enough for me."

"Have you my hat, Bill Black?"

"No," was the prompt reply; "I've got nerry hat but my own, and that ain't black, I reckon, 'cept sich a night as this."

"I'll tell you what, Lige, old fellow! you lost your hat while you were riding the mustang just now; the hoss kicked it off your head."

A chorus of laughter followed this sally, in the midst of which Quackenboss could be heard apostrophizing both his hat and his comrades in no very respectful terms. He continued to scramble over the ground in vain search after the lost sombrero, amidst the jokes and laughter uttered at his expense.

To this merriment of my followers I gave but little heed; my thoughts were intent on other things. My eyes were fixed on that bright spot in the sky, that had been pointed out by Rube; and my heart gladdened as I perceived that it was every moment growing brighter and bigger. The rain still fell thick and fast; but the edge of the cloud-curtain was slowly rising above the eastern horizon, as though drawn up by some invisible hand. Should the movement continue, I felt confident that in a few minutes—as Rube had predicted—the sky would be clear again, and the moon shining brightly as ever. These were joyous anticipations.

At intervals I glanced towards the prairie, and I listened to catch some sound—either the voices of the trappers, or the tread of their returning footsteps. No such sounds could be heard.

I was becoming impatient, when I perceived a sudden waif of light far out upon the plain. It seemed to be again extinguished; but in the same place, and the moment after, appeared a small, steady flame, twinkling like a solitary star through the bluish mist of the rain. For a few seconds it remained fixed, and then commenced moving—as if carried low down along the surface of the ground.

THE HORSE HAD PLUNGED INTO THE TORRENT!

There was nothing mysterious about this lone light. To Quackenboss only it remained an unexplained apparition; and he might have mistaken it for the *fata morgana*. The others had been awake when Rube and Garey took their departure, and easily recognized the lighted candle in the hands of the trappers.

For some time the light appeared to move backwards and forwards, turning at short distances, or as if borne in irregular circles, or in zigzag lines. We could perceive the sheen of water between us and the flame as though there was a pond, or perhaps a portion of the prairie flooded by the rain.

After a while the light became fixed, and a sharp exclamation was heard across the plain, which all of us recognized as being in the voice of the trapper Rube. Again the light was in motion—now flitting along more rapidly, and as if carried in a straight line across the prairie.

We followed it with eager eyes. We saw it was moving further and further away; and my companions hazarded the conjecture that the trappers had recovered the trail.

This was soon verified by one of themselves—Garey—whose huge form, looming through the mist, was seen approaching the spot; and though the expression of his face could not be seen in the darkness, his bearing betokened that he brought cheerful tidings.

"Rube's struck the trail, capt'n" said he, in a quiet voice as he came up; "yonder he goes, whar you see the bleeze o' the cannel! He'll soon be out o' sight, if we don't make haste an' follow."

Without another word, we seized the reins, sprang once more into our saddles, and rode off after the twinkling star, that beaconed us across the plain.

Rube was soon overtaken, and we perceived that, despite the storm, he was rapidly progressing along the trail, his candle sheltered from the rain under the ample sombrero.

In answer to numerous queries, the old trapper vouchsafed only an occasional "Wagh," evidently proud of this new exhibition of his skill. With Garey the curious succeeded better; and as we continued on, the latter explained to them how the trail had been recovered by his comrade—for to Rube, it appeared, was the credit due.

Rube remembered the mesa spring. It was the water in its branch that we had seen gleaming under the light. The thoughtful trapper conjectured, and rightly as it proved that the steed would stop there to drink. He had passed along the stony shingle by the mound—simply because around the cliff lay his nearest way to the water—and had followed a dry ridge that led directly from the mesa to the spring-branch. Along this ridge, going gently at the time, his hoof had left no marks—at least none that could be distinguished by torch-light, and this was why the trail had been for the moment lost. Rube, however, remembered that around the spring there was a tract of soft, boggy ground; and he anticipated that in this the hoof prints would leave a deep impression. To find them he needed only a "liver" for the candle, and the huge hat of Quackenboss offered the very thing. An umbrella would scarcely have been better for his purpose.

As the trappers had conjectured, they found the tracks in the muddy margin of the spring-branch. The steed had drunk at the pool; but immediately after had resumed his wild flight, going westward from the mound.

Why had he gone off at a gallop? Had he been alarmed by aught? Or had he taken fresh affright, at the strange rider upon his back?

I questioned Garey. I saw that he knew why. He needed pressing for the answer.

He gave it at length, but with evident reluctance.

"Thar are wolf-tracks on the trail!"

CHAPTER LXII.

WOLVES ON THE TRACK.

The wolves, then, were after him!

The trackers had made out their footprints in the mud of the arroyo. Both kinds had been there—the large brown wolf of Texas, and the small barking *coyote* of the plains—a full pack there had been, as the trappers could tell by the numerous tracks. That they were following the horse, the tracks also testified to these men of strange intelligence. How knew they this? By what sign?

To my inquiries, I obtained answer from Garey.

Above the spring-branch extended a shelving bank; up this the steed had bounded, after drinking at the pool. Up this, too, the wolves had sprung after; they had left the indentation of their claws in the soft loam.

How knew Garey that they were in pursuit of the horse?

The "scratches" told him they were going at their fastest, and they would not have sprung so far had they not been pursuing some prey. There were footmarks of no other animal except theirs, and the hoof-print of the steed; and that they were after him was evident to the trapper, because the tracks of the wolves *covered* those of the horse.

Garey had no more doubt of the correctness of his reasoning, than a geometrician of the truth of a theorem in Euclid.

I groaned in spirit as I was forced to adopt his conclusion. But it was all probable—too probable. Had the steed been alone—unembarrassed—free—it was not likely the wolves would have chased him thus. The wild-horse in his prime is rarely the object of their attack—though the old and infirm, the gravid mare, and the feeble colt, often fall before these hungry hunters of the plains. Both common wolf and coyote possess all the astuteness of the fox, and know, as if by instinct, the animal that is wounded to death. They will follow the stricken deer that has escaped from the hunter; but if it prove to be but slightly harmed, instinctively they abandon the chase.

Their instinct had told them that the steed was not ridden by a free hand; they had seen that there was *something amiss;* and in the hope of running down both horse and rider, they had followed with hungry howl.

Another fact lent probability to this painful conjecture; we knew that by the mesa were many wolves.

The spring was the constant resort of ruminant animals, deer and antelopes; the half-wild cattle of the *ganaderos* drank there, and the tottering calf oft became the prey of the coyote and his more powerful congener, the gaunt Texan wolf. There was still another reason why the place must of late have been the favorite prowl of these hideous brutes; the debris of our skirmish had furnished them with many a midnight banquet. They had ravened upon the blood of men and the flesh of horses, and they hungered for more.

That they might succeed in running down the steed, cumbered as he was, was probable enough. Sooner or later, they would overtake him. It might be after a long, long gallop over hill and dale, through swamp and chaparal; but still it was probable those tough, tireless pursuers would overtake him. They would launch themselves upon his flanks; they would seize upon his wearied limbs—upon hers—the helpless victim on his back; both horse and rider would be dragged to the earth—both torn—parted in pieces—devoured!

I groaned under the horrid apprehension.

"Look thar!" said Garey, pointing to the ground, and holding his torch so as to illuminate the surface; "the hoss has made a slip thar. See! hyur's the track o' the big wolf—he, hes sprung up jest hyar; I can tell by the scratch o' his hind-claws."

I examined the "sign." Even to my eyes it was readable, and just as Garey had interpreted it. There were other tracks of wolves on the damp soil, but one had certainly launched himself forward, in a long leap, as though in an effort to fasten himself upon the flanks of some animal. The hoof-mark plainly showed that the steed had slipped as he sprung over the wet ground; and this had tempted the spring of the watchful pursuer.

We hurried on. Our excited feelings hindered us from pausing longer than a moment. Both rangers and trappers shared my eagerness, as well as my apprehensions. Fast as the torches could be carried, we hurried on.

Shortly after parting from the mesa, there occurred a change in our favor. The lights had been carried under hats to protect them from the rain. This precaution was no longer required. The storm had passed—the shower ceasing as suddenly as it had come on; the clouds were fast driving from the face of the firmament. In five minutes more, the moon would shine forth. Already her refracted rays lightened the prairie.

We did not stay for her full beam; time was too precious. Still trusting to the torches, we hurried on.

The beautiful queen of the night kept her promise. In five minutes, her cheering orb shot out beyond the margin of the dark pall that had hitherto shrouded it, and her white disc, as if purified by the storm, shone with unwonted brightness. The ground became conspicuous almost as in the day; the torches were extinguished, and we followed the trail more rapidly by the light of the moon.

Here, still in full gallop, had passed the wild-horse, and for miles beyond—still had he gone at utmost speed. Still close upon his heels had followed the ravenous and untiring wolves. Here and there were the prints of their clawed feet—the signs of their unflagging pursuit.

The roar of water sounded in our ears; it came from the direction in which the trail was conducting us; a stream was not far distant.

We soon diminished the distance. A glassy sheet glistened under the moonlight, and towards this the trail tended in a straight line.

It was a river—a cataract was near, down which the water, freshened by the late rain, came tumbling, broken by the rocks into hummocks of white foam.—Under the moonlight, it appeared like an avalanche of snow. The trappers recognized an affluent of the Rio Bravo, running from the north—from the high steppe of the Llano Estacado.

We hurried forward to its bank, and opposite the frothing rapids. The trail conducted us to this point—to the very edge of the foaming water. It led no further. There were the hoof-marks forward to the brink, but not back. The horse had plunged into the torrent!

CHAPTER LXIII.

ACROSS THE TORRENT.

Surely was it so. Into that seething rapid the steed had launched himself—where the spume was whitest, and the rocks gave out their hoarsest echoes. The four hoof-prints, close together upon the bank, showed the point from which he had sprung, and the deeply indented turf testified that he had made no timid leap. The pursuers had been close upon his heels, and he had flung himself with desperate plunge upon the water.

Had he succeeded in crossing? It was our first thought. It appeared improbable—impossible. Notwithstanding its foam-bedappled surface, the current was swift, and looked as though it would sweep either man or horse from his footing. Surely it was too deep to be forded. Though here and there rocks were seen above the surface, they were but the crests of large boulders, and between them the impetuous wave ran dark and deep. Had the horse lost footing? had he been forced to swim? If so, he must have been carried with the current—his body submerged—his withers sunk below the surface—his helpless rider—

The conclusion was evident to all of us. All felt the conviction simultaneously. No—not all. There came a word of comfort from the oldest and wisest—a word that gave cheer to my drooping spirit.

"Wagh! the hoss hain't swum a lick—*he hain't.*"

"Are you sure, Rube? How can you tell?" were the quick interrogatories.

"Sure—how kin I tell—I'deed? how," replied Rube, a little nettled at our having questioned his judgment. "What the divul's your eyes good for—all o' yur? Lookee, hyur! and I'll show ee how I tell. Do'ee see the color o' thet water?—it ur as brown as a buffler in the fall; thurfor it's fresh kim down; and jest afore the shower, thur wan't more'n half o' it in the channel. *Then* the hoss mout a waded 'crosst hyur, easy as fallin' off a log, and *then* the hoss *did* wade acrosst."

"He crossed before the rain?"

"Sure as a shot from Targuts. Look at the tracks! Them wur made afore a drop o' rain kim down: ef they hedn't, they'd a been a durned sight deeper in the sod. Wagh! the hoss got safe acrosst 'ithout wettin' a hair o' his hips. So far as drownding goes, don't be skeeart 'bout thet, young fellur! the gurl's safe enough yit."

"And the wolves? Do you think they have followed across the stream?"

"No'er a wolf o' em'—ne'er a one. The vamints hed more sense. They know'd thur legs wan't long enough, an' thet ur current wud a swep 'em a mile afore they kud a swum half-way acrosst. The wolves, they stayed on this side, I reck'n. Look hyur—hyur's thur tracks. Wagh! thur wur a wheen o' the filthy beests. Geehosophat! the bank ur paddled like a sheep-pen."

We bent down to examine the ground. Sure enough, it was covered with the tracks of wolves. A numerous band had crowded together on the spot; and as the prints of their feet pointed in all directions, it was evident they had not gone forward, but brought to a stand by the torrent, had given up the chase, and scattered away.

Pray Heaven it was no mere conjecture!

With Rube it was a belief: and as I had grown to put implicit reliance in the old trapper's wood craft, I felt reassured. Rube's opinions, both as to the steed having safely crossed, and the discomfiture of the wolves, were shared by the rest of my followers—not one of whom was a mean authority on such a subject. Garey—second only to his older comrade in the working out of a prairie syllogism—gave Rube's statement his emphatic confirmation. The steed was yet safe—perhaps, too, the rider.

With lighter heart I sprang back into the saddle. My followers imitated the example, and with eyes scanning the stream, we rode along the bank to seek for a crossing.

There was no ford near the spot. Perhaps where the steed had passed over the stream might have been waded at low-water; but now, during the freshet, the current would have swept off horse and man like so much corkwood. The rocks—the black waves that rushed between them—the boiling, frothing eddies—discouraged any attempt at crossing there; we all saw that it was impracticable.

Some rode up stream, others went in the opposite direction.

Both parties met again with blank looks; neither had found a crossing.

There was no time to search further—at least my impatience would no longer brook delay. It was not the first time for both my horse and myself to cross a river without ford; nor was it the first time for many of my followers.

Below the rapids, the current ran slow, apparently ceasing. The water was still, though wider from bank to bank—a hundred yards or more. By the aid of the moonlight, I could tell that the bank on the opposite side was low and shelving. It could be easily climbed by a horse.

I stayed to reason no further. Many a hundred yards had Moro swum with his rider on his back—many a current had he cleft with his proud breast many times more rapid than that.

I headed him to the bank, gave him the spur, and went plunging into the flood.

Plunge—plunge—plunge! I heard behind my back till the last of my followers had launched themselves on the wave, and were swimming silently over.

One after another we reached the opposite side, and ascended the bank.

Hurriedly I counted our number as the men rode out; one had not yet arrived! Who was missing?

"Rube," answered some one.

I glanced back, but without feeling any uneasiness. I had no fear for the trapper; Garey alleged he was "safe to turn up." Something had detained him. Could his old mare swim?

"Like a mink," replied Garey; "but Rube won't ride her across; he's afeered to sink her too deep in the water. See! yonder he comes!"

Near the middle of the stream, two faces were observed rippling the wave, one directly in the wake of the other. The foremost was the grizzled front of the old mustang, the other the unmistakable physiognomy of her master. The moonlight shining upon both rendered them conspicuous above the dark brown water; and the spectacle drew a laugh from those who had reached the bank.

Rube's mode of crossing was unique, like every action of this singular man. Perhaps he adopted it from sheer eccentricity, or may be in order that his mustang might swim more freely.

He had ridden gently into the water, and kept his saddle till the mare was beyond her depth—then sliding backward over her hips, he took the tail in his teeth, and partly towed like a fish upon the hook, and partly striking to assist in the passage, he swam after. As soon as the mare again touched bottom, he drew himself up over the croup, and in this way regained his saddle.

Mare and man, as they climbed out on the bank—the thin skeleton bodies of both reduced to their slenderest dimensions by the soaking water—presented a spectacle so ludicrous as to elicit a fresh chorus of laughter from his comrades.

I stayed not till its echoes had died away; but pressing my steed along the bank, soon arrived at the rapids, where I expected to recover the trail. To my joy, hoof-marks were there, directly opposite the point where the steed had taken to the stream. He must have *waded* then.

Thank heaven! at least from that peril has she been saved!

CHAPTER LXIV.

A LILLIPUTIAN FOREST.

On resuming the trail, I moved with lighter spirit. I had three sources of gratulation. The peril of the flood was past—she was not drowned. The wolves were thrown off—the dangerous rapid had deterred them; on the other side their footprints were no longer found. Thirdly, the steed had slackened his pace. After climbing the bank, he had set off in a rapid gait, but not at a gallop.

"He's been pacin' hyar!" remarked Garey, as soon as his eyes rested upon the tracks.

"Pacing?"

I knew what was meant by this; I knew that gait peculiar to the prairie-horse, fast but smooth as the amble of a palfrey. His rider would scarcely perceive the gentle movement; her torture would be less.

Perhaps, too, no longer frighted by the fierce pursuers, the horse would come to a stop. His wearied limbs would admonish him, and then— Surely he could not have gone much further?

We too were wearied, one and all; but these pleasing conjectures beguiled us from thinking of our toil, and we advanced more cheerfully along the trail.

Alas! it was my fate to be the victim of alternate hopes and fears. My new-sprung joy was short-lived, and fast fleeted away.

We had gone but a few hundred paces from the river, when we encountered an obstacle, that proved not only a serious barrier to our progress, but almost brought our tracking to a termination.

This obstacle was a forest of oaks, not *giant* oaks, as these famed trees are usually designated, but the very reverse—a forest of *dwarf* oaks (*Quercus nana*). Far as the eye could reach extended this singular wood, in which no tree rose above thirty inches in height! Yet was it no thicket—no under-growth of shrubs—but a true forest of oaks, each tree having its separate stem, its boughs, its lobed leaves, and its bunches of brown acorns.

"Shin oak," cried the trappers, as we entered the verge of this miniature forest.

"Wagh!" exclaimed Rube, in a tone of impatience, "hyur's bother. 'Ee may all get out o' yur saddles an rest yur critters; we'll hev to crawl hyur."

And so it resulted. For long weary hours we followed the trail, going not faster than we could have crawled upon our hands and knees. The tracks of the steed were plain enough, and in daylight could have been easily followed; but the little oaks grew close and regular as if planted by the hand of man; and through their thick foliage the moonlight scarcely penetrated. Their boughs almost touched each other, so that the whole surface lay in dark shadow, rendering it almost impossible to make out the hoof-prints. Here and there, a broken branch or a bunch of tossed leaves—their under-sides shining glaucous in the moonlight—enabled us to advance at a quicker rate; but as the horse had passed gently over the ground, these "signs" were few and far between.

For long fretful hours, we toiled through the "shin-oak" forest, our heads far overtopping its tallest trees! We might have fancied that we were threading our way through some ex-

tended nursery. The trail led directly across its central part; and ere we had reached its furthest verge, the moon's rays were mingling with the purple light of morning.

Soon after the "forest opened," the little dwarfs grew further apart—here scattered thinly over the ground, there disposed in clumps or miniature groves—until at length the sward of the prairie predominated.

The trouble of the trackers was at an end. The welcome light of the sun was thrown upon the trail, so that they could lift it as fast as we could ride; and, no longer hindered by brake or bush, we advanced at a rapid rate across the prairie.

Over this ground the steed had also passed rapidly. He had continued to pace for some distance, after emerging from the shin-oak forest; but all at once, as we could tell by his tracks, he had bounded off again, and resumed his headlong gallop.

What had startled him afresh? We were at a loss to imagine; even the prairie-men were puzzled.

Had wolves again attacked him, or some other enemy? No; neither one nor the other. It was a green prairie over which he had gone, a smooth sward of mezquite-grass; but there were spots where the growth was thin—patches nearly bare—and these were softened by the rain. Even the light paw of a wolf would have impressed itself in such places, sufficiently to be detected by the lynx-eyed men of the plains. The horse had passed since the rain had ceased falling. No wolf, or other animal, had been after him.

Perhaps he had taken a start of himself, freshly affrighted at the novel mode in which he was ridden—still under excitement from the rough usage he had received, and from which he had not yet cooled down; perhaps the barbed points of the cohetes rankled in his flesh, acting like spurs; perhaps some distant sound had led him to fancy the hooting mob, or the howling wolves, still coming at his heels: perhaps—

An exclamation of the trackers, who were riding in the advance, put an end to these conjectures. Both had pulled up, and were pointing to the ground. No words were spoken—none needed. We all read with our eyes an explanation of the renewed gallop.

Directly in front of us, the sward was cut and scored by numerous tracks. Not four, but four hundred hoof-prints were indented in the turf—all of them fresh as the trail we were following—and amidst these the tracks of the steed, becoming intermingled, were lost to our view.

"A drove of wild-horses," pronounced the guides at a glance. They were the tracks of unshod hoofs, though that would scarcely have proved them wild. An Indian troop might have ridden past without leaving any other sign; but these horses had not been mounted, as the trappers confidently alleged; and among them were the hoof marks of foals and half-grown colts, which proved the drove to be a *caballada* of mustangs.

At the point where we first struck their tracks they had been going in full speed, and the trail of the steed converged until it closed with theirs at an acute angle.

"Ye-es," drawled Rube, "I see how 'tis. They've been skeeart at the awkurd look o' the hoss, an hev put off. See! thur's his tracks on the top o' all o' theirn: he's been runnin arter 'em. Thur!" continued the tracker, as we advanced—"thur he hez overtuk some o' 'em. See! thur! the varmints her scattered right an left! Hyur again, they've galliped thegither, some shint, an some afore him. Wagh! I guess they know him now, an ain't any more afeerd o' him. See thur! he's in the thick o' the drove."

Involuntarily I raised my eyes, fancying from these words that the horses were in sight; but no; the speaker was riding forward, leaning over in his saddle, with look fixed upon the ground. All that he had spoken he had been reading from the surface of the prairie—from hieroglyphics to me unintelligible, but to him more easily interpreted than the page of a printed book.

I knew that what he was saying was true. The steed had galloped after a drove of wild-horses; he had overtaken them; and at the point where we now were, had been passing along in their midst!

Dark thoughts came crowding into my mind at this discovery—another shadow across my heart. I perceived at once a new situation of peril for my betrothed—new, and strange, and awful.

I saw her in the midst of a troop of neighing wild horses—stallions with fiery eyes and red steaming nostrils; these perhaps angry at the white steed, and jealous of his approach to the *manada*; in mad rage rushing upon him with open mouth and yellow glistening teeth; rearing around and above him, and striking down with deadly desperate hoof— Oh, it was a horrid apprehension, a fearful fancy!

Yet, fearful as it was, it proved to be the exact shadow of a reality. As the mirage refracts distant objects upon the retina of the eye, so some spiritual mirage must have thrown upon my mind the image of things that were real. Not distant, though then unseen—not distant was the real. Rapidly I ascended another swell of the prairie, and from its crest beheld almost the counterpart of the terrible scene that my imagination had conjured up!

Was it a dream? was it still fancy that was cheating my eyes? No; there was the wild-horse drove; there the rearing, screaming stallions; there the white steed in their midst—he too rearing erect—there upon his back—

"Oh, God! look down in mercy—save her! save her!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHURCH AND THE THEATRE.—The London Sunday Times copies with approval Dr. Bellows' speech at the Dramatic Fund Association, and adds the following list of the Archbishops, Bishops, and clergy of the Church of England, who have written in approval of the stage, and some of whom have devoted their talents to dramatic compositions and criticism: Archbishops Tillotson, Secker, Sheldon, and Potter; Bishops Porteous, Horne, Percy, Warburton, Still, Hurd, Lowth, and Watson;—Archdeacon Paley; the Rev. Drs South, Watts, Knox, Blair, Zachary, Grey, Farmer, Hurdis, J. Hoadley, Brown, Gloster, Ridley, Francis Wrangham, Plumptre, T. Warton, Franklin, Valpy, Francis, Eades, Borrow, and Young; the Rev. H. Milman, the Rev. C. Croley, the Rev. T. Broughton, and a number of others.

VISITING MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

My engagement with dearest Carry was a very long one indeed; there were tremendous obstacles in the way, by which the course of our true love was perpetually being brought up short and impeded. Carry is the offspring of the Reverend Claude Winkwerd; which was the son of Geoffrey Winkwerd of the Hall; which was the son of Sir Ralph Winkwerd, knight; at which point that pedigree stopped, for good and sufficient reasons: but she is also the issue of Margaret Lorraine; which was the daughter—by her second marriage with Colonel Slasher—of the Lady Blanche Trevor; which was the daughter of Lord Sleightovand—eighth baron—by which gap the Winkwerd family broke into Burke's *Peerage*, and even got connected in some extremely discreditable manner with royalty itself. Carry was therefore of course entitled to expect a good match, or in other words, a husband with either blood or money. Now, my ancestral, or (being the second of my race, I should rather say) my paternal, name is Biles, and there is little in my income to excuse it. I had nevertheless enough to live upon, and to maintain my wife in something more than gentility, which was the Winkwerd horror. I could afford her a pony-chaise, that is, and a lady's maid. The Rev. Claude has also a whole quiver full of daughters besides Carry, and found, perhaps, some little difficulty in supplying every arrow with a beau. Above all, I was an orphan, and had not a relative upon the face of Europe. Anything of that sort would have made our union hopeless; but my two younger brothers—both in the small-coal line—withdrew themselves, fortunately, to South Australia, and have gone under the general head of "our colonial relations" ever since. They are now considered to be rather subjects of congratulation than disgrace; being always understood and described by my wife's family as a sort of merchant-princes, who head the untitled aristocracy of the other hemisphere.

Nevertheless, my connection with the Winkwerds is what a Biles, without my advantages, would describe as rather ticklish; and there are still such a number of "ps" and "qs" to be minded, and so many favorite expressions and quotations to be apologised for when among them, that I left the rectory and its inmates, as much as possible alone. There was always some magnificent person being feasted and flattered up there by Mrs. Winkwerd, in preparation for the matrimonial sacrifice, and I felt that I was in the way. "My eldest daughter, Lady Toppingtower," was well enough to talk about to people who did not know that her husband, Sir Richard, resided at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and visited his native land on Sundays only. But there was nothing attractive to a possible son-in-law in "my dear child, Mrs. Biles." Carry was pitied, you see, for her condescension in having parted with herself at such an alarming sacrifice to me. "Poor dear Carry," her sisters said, "was very happy," they really believed—as if it were the eighth wonder of the world that she should be so; and yet if I were inclined to tell tales, there were others of the same family at one time who laid themselves out pretty distinctly for— But the Bileses were ever a chivalrous race, and I will not be the first of their short line to justify myself at the expense of Blanche, or Rose, or Kitty,—of whom, however, I must say one was as bad as the other. Emily, the youngest and prettiest of the Winkwerds, was very different from the rest also in everything else: she was my wife's twin-sister, and the two were as like one another—with the trifling exception of a little mole under Carry's left ear—as a couple of peas. I could not, of course, be always looking for this mole, and I once put my arm around Emily at a picnic, and kissed her behind a lilac-tree, in mistake. "I suppose, Mr. Frederic, you meant it for Carry," said she good-naturedly, and pretending to be disappointed. My wife took the greatest care after this circumstance to construct a code of signals, whereby we might recognize each other at once; and the accident, so far as I know at least, did not happen again. Emily was a dear good girl, and quite unspoiled, although she was the show-daughter of them all. It was quite clear to my respected mother-in-law that none of the rest would marry—Carry having already degraded herself—while Emily remained in the house single; so that it was determined she should do it at once, and give an opportunity to the three who had less time to spare. She received, to her extreme discomfort, twice the pin-money of any of her sisters, and was continuously apparelled in the most gorgeous array. Her masters for all the arts were increased and multiplied, and she was—if I may be allowed the expression—trotted out before eligible visitors pretty considerably.

I had the privilege of being useful to the family in recommending my old friend, Jack Camellair to paint her portrait; and he achieved an admirable likeness. He and I had been great chums at school, but our walks in life had since diverged widely. I stuck from the first, like a respectable man, to business, and parted with it not till I could do so comfortably; he, from making clever caricatures of the ushers, had taken so to painting, poor fellow! as absolutely to choose it for a profession; living in the winter, so far as I could make out, nowhere; and during the summer months, under a little white umbrella. I had bought, for old acquaintance sake, some early landscapes of his—of very great promise, I was told; and two or three later ones were just beginning to attract public notice, or I never should have persuaded Mrs. Winkwerd to employ him at all; but, to my thinking, he lived a miserable life. He said, however, he was twice as jolly as I was at all times, even at portrait-painting—a thing he hated, and only busied himself with when especially hard up; and that he did not doubt he should be one day as rich as Turner, and with all the world for his Ruskins. His face—so much of it, at least, as his hair, whiskers and moustaches permitted of your seeing—was very fine; and he was accomplished and agreeable enough to please the Winkwerds, as an amusing sort of drawing-room artisan, immensely. He was suffered to do and say things that Frederic Biles, Esq., would have shrunk from in such company like a guilty thing; and, on his part, liked the rectory-folks so well that, after taking Emily's likeness, he took that of the other sisters and their mother for love. He was employed upon the portrait of the Rev. Claude himself—with his hand upon a volume of sermons, surmounted by the *Peerage*—when a circumstance occurred, which, if I may use such a form of words, put poor Jack's nose out of joint, and settled his business for him very completely.

This was the arrival of no less a person than Ambrose Slasher, Esq., connected by family ties with the Winkwerds, and by red tape with the government then in power, being the paid *attache* to Her Majesty's Legation at Honolulu and in a fair way to represent the empire there himself, when an opportunity should offer. He was not a wise man, he was not a good man, and he was not a rich man; but he was a sucking diplomatist, likely enough in this glorious constitution of ours, to become one of those three. The great Mother Britannia is not wont to leave a scion of her Sleightovands to wither on £600 a-year, and Mrs. Winkwerd knew it. Ambrose, although by no means "so bald that you might see his brains," was getting thin about the poll, grave in demeanor, slow of speech, pompous of aspect, and generally in accordance with his profession. I did not think he was at all a suitable husband for dear Emily, at first; and the more I saw of him the less I admired my respected mother in-law's choice; but I am aware that a Biles can scarcely be a judge of such high matters. I have a portrait of him by Jack Camellair, which I would not part with for £50, although I dare say Ambrose himself would give 5s. to have it burnt. If only knowledge puffeth up, I should like to know what ignorance has done to the attache, to give him such a swollen appearance. He put down the Rev. Claude upon all occasions; he received all Mrs. Winkwerd's servilities as his just dues, and was in no degree mollified or put in good humor by them; he treated the young ladies with a sort of graceful scorn, and he was rude to Emily herself; yet all, except the last, seemed charmed with him. Jack's most perfect *mots* were now unheard in the applause that greeted the great man's heavy pleasantries; his raciest anecdotes were cast into the shade by some dull reminiscence of the diplomatist's foreign travel. I am afraid that Mr. Thomas Moore's epitaph on a tuft-hunter applies more to women than to men:

> Apollo for a star they quit, and Love's own brother for an earl's.

I was angry at the change of behavior among the Winkwerds generally towards Jack, on Mr. Slasher's arrival, but I was sincerely grieved at that of Emily. She was in a very short time engaged to be married to this gentleman, it was true—it was in order to be present at the wedding that I was an unwilling guest at the rectory at this time; but this was no reason why she should follow Ambrose's stupid lead in regard to the poor painter. My wonder was how he stood it at all, and I privately recommended him to depart and leave the Rev. Claude just as he was, without a complexion, and with sketchy legs; but Jack said: "No; when he had taken an order, he liked to execute it;" mimicking my best business manner, and quoting my favorite phrase. Emily had been once, I thought, the most pleased with him of all, but now she offered him the cold shoulder—and a good deal of it, as her style of dress permitted her to do—upon all occasions. She never failed to give the poor fellow a set-down when the diplomatist chanced to be present, and laughed heartily at his describing some obscure street in Honolulu as the habitation of tailors and artists. As Camellair observed, indeed, in allusion to this delicacy, Mr. Slasher was "a deuce of a fellow among eggs with a stick," which was a word-picture of the man as good as tongue could paint. Still there was no pretence of affection on the part of the bride elect; she had been disposed of by private contract some five weeks ago, and was to be given away without reserve on the ensuing Friday to Cousin Ambrose; that was the agreement; and she had determined, apparently, to abide by it; only at times, when the diplomatizing partook—it was but rarely—of a little too much of the *entente cordiale*, I observed her shiver, poor girl! as though, if I may so express myself, a goose was walking over her grave. She had been brought up in the Winkwerd school, however, and had well learned its lessons long ago; that was what I comforted myself with until the Wednesday evening before her wedding-day—although, indeed, my wife was very miserable about the match; declaring that her sister was about to be sold into bondage, which she truly was, and to a mere government organ; but then, who was to put a stop to it? I had sauntered out after dinner with a cigar, glad enough to escape from the bustle of the house, where everything was being got in readiness for the guests of the next day, and was strolling through that part of the grounds which is called "The Wilderness," when I came suddenly upon my wife, sitting upon a moss-bank bathed in tears.

"Now, my dear Carry," said I, "do give over this wailing over your poor little Emily. If the girl likes the fool, it is all a matter of taste, about which, you know, there is no disputing; if she doesn't like him, she should let him hang himself in his Honolulu ribbon before she should become Mrs. Slasher. What must be, must be, and therefore I don't make myself wretched about it; although for my part, I'd just as soon see her married to"—I looked about for a sufficiently base comparison, and thought myself rather fortunate at last in saying—"to that unfortunate penniless vagabond, Jack Camellair."

"Would you, indeed, dear Mr. Frederic?" sobbed out little Emily—for it was the one without the mole under her left ear I had been speaking to. "Oh, please, please, my good dear brother, to help us." Poor passionful girl! The suffocating mask thrown off, and the weary part laid by for a little while, how different she looked from the Emily of an hour ago!—how infinitely wretched, and yet, to my mind, how far, far better through those tears! "I don't like Mr. Ambrose at all, for I am afraid of him," she went on pathetically. "I don't think he is very kindhearted; and, oh, my dear brother, for your own loving wife's sake, save me from this terrible man!"

"My eye and so and so," said I, "apologising to you at the same time, Miss Emily, for the vulgarity, but this is a precious pickle. What can the voice of a Biles avail you, lifted up against the whole Winkwerd chorus and the Sleightovand echo in the distance? I am sure I will insult Mr. Slasher in any way you please, or even have a turn-up with him at fisticuffs—having been in trade, of course pistols are out of the question—when and where he chooses; but as for opposing your respected mother and the rest of your noble family in conclave, I could not do it, even for your sweet sake. I durst not, and that's the truth. 'What is Miss Emily's objection?" would be their very natural remark, and I am sure I should not know how to answer it. You appeared to be very well satisfied with him; and, indeed, he is as good as half-a-dozen others who— Well, my dear child, I don't intend to be cruel and unkind, but since you don't love anybody else—"

"Ah, but I do, dear Mr. Frederic," she sobbed—"I do: I do so very much love your friend, Mr. Jack Camellair."

"What!" said I, feeling scarcely less astonished than horror-struck than Mrs. Winkwerd could have felt herself—"what! you daughter of a hundred kings, you pampered little pet of your family, are you prepared to lodge under a white umbrella, like the Great Mogul called Baboo, to slave at mixing nasty colors, to sit as a model in all kinds of ridiculous costumes, to be hung up in exhibitions as 'A Moorish Peasant Girl,' 'An Eastern Houri,' or as 'Passion: a Study?' Do you know what an exceedingly disrespectable profession painting is? Are you aware—to use no stronger expression—what an excessively scampish person Jack—"

"Yes, Fred, she knows all that, and more besides," said the rich, low voice of my handsome vagabond-friend. "I have heard something of what you have said to my dear love, and I think there is much truth in it, and am sure you meant it well. My art is not, indeed, a very remunerative one; but even in that respect, I am better off than you imagine. If I have my health, I shall do very well as to money-matters, I don't doubt; at present, however, I confess I want a little help. I have two companion-pictures, 'The Wooing,' which you know, and the other, 'The Winning,' which has still some details to be worked in; you will lend me, Fred, I know, £500 upon these two; that will suffice to last us in some quiet pretty place, less distant, if less fashionable, than Honolulu; and for interest, Emmy, dear, [think of this journeyman painter's having already cut it so short with this descendant of royalty as 'Emmy!'] pay the usurer beforehand with a kiss." And as sure as I sit here and write it, my cigar was thereupon tenderly removed from the corner of my mouth, and the prettiest pair of lips (save one) in the world applied them in its place five times before I could even think of saying "Don't" or "For shame!" "There, that'll do," said Jack, rather impatiently, and with the air of a man who had conferred a favor; "now, that's settled."

Well, the name of Biles upon a check for £500 was as good, and perhaps better than that of any Slasher or Sleightovand of them all; and as I really felt for the poor girl, and hated the diplomatist, and knew Jack to be a thoroughly good fellow at heart, I gave them my autograph for the amount without more words, upon the condition that I should know nothing of their plans whatever, be they what they would; so that I might enjoy anything which might suddenly occur as much as anybody else, and afterwards be able to lay my hand upon my heart and deny everything; for I had that wholesome terror of Mrs. Winkwerd, that I would as soon have been a party to a scheme of some Italian greyhound for carrying off the young of a lioness, as to the abduction of the glory of the Winkwerds by Jack Camellair. Having thus washed my hands, then, of the whole concern, I finished my cigar, and sauntered back to where the attache, over his third bottle, was patronizing universal nature as perceived in her July glory through the open French windows of the dining-room. He was just the sort of man who, when he has got his wine, begins to compliment the general arrangements of Providence, and "looking as 'twere in a glass," who "smooths his chin, and slicks his hair, and says the earth is beautiful." He regarded Emily herself in the light of an ornament fabricated for his pleasure, calculated to adorn the Honolulu embassy, and do credit to his magnificence. "She has much to learn, has Emily, Mr. Biles," he was good enough to confide in me that very evening; "but she is pliant, and will become our position, we do not doubt."

"Your excellency," said I.

"Not yet, sir," he interrupted, with one of his most gracious inclinations.

"Your excellency," I went on all the same, "is a great master, and the pupil is apt."

The silly fat state functionary liked meaningless pomposities of that kind beyond measure, as I knew, and was set bowing like a mandarin for several minutes.

On the next day, most of the wedding-company arrived: Lady Toppingtower, the married sister, who bore a sort of painful resemblance to Emily herself—she brought a half-starved looking French maid with her, of whom she seemed to stand, nevertheless, in no little awe, and did not present a favorable example in any way of the bliss of high alliances; the Lord Sleightovand, a plump, jovial old nobleman, who seemed to have met with nothing up that long life-journey of his, but carriages full of other jovial noblemen, and amusing beggars by the roadside, who stood on their heads for pennies, and were thankful for them; the Hon. and Rev. Swete Smilar, his brother, a gentleman of the most urbane grace, who had come express from Windsor to perform the mystic ceremony between his beloved cousin Emily, and his most respected and talented connection, Her Majesty's attache—these two with a costly gift and a stilted phrase apiece for the young bride; and another Swete Smilar from his crack regiment at Gibraltar, with a Mediterranean jewel for her waist, and a kiss for his cousin's brow, which he claimed and imprinted to the astonishment of the groom-elect, before us all. There were no fewer than five aunts—two of the Winkwerd, and three of the Trevor family, one of the latter of whom I was given to understand was made of money. She was made of a good number of other things besides, however; and Jack Camellair expressed to me a private wish to take two sketches of her, to be entitled "Before," and "After," which he reckoned would become popular; the one with her false eyebrows, hair, teeth, color, and figure on; and the other without those accessories. There were also eight bridemaids, selected exclusively from the families of the landed gentry; and the rectory was full.

The Rev. Claude, I will do him the justice to say, was, with the exception of my dear Carry, the only person who did not seem thoroughly satisfied with the pending event:—he was perpetually expressing his delight about it, and asking the opinion of everybody upon the subject, which he intended should be given only in one way. He came down from his podestal so great a number of steps even, as to demand mine. "Don't you think, sir, that Mr. Ambrose gives one quite the idea of one of England's diplomatists?" To which I assented fervently. He went about the house shaking hands with all sorts of people he did not care for, in a nervous, fill-up-the-time sort of manner, and kissing his poor Emily perpetually, as though she were about to take some doubtful or hazardous step. Whenever this happened, all her stateliness melted away at once, and she rested on her dear father's bosom like a rose-bud touched with the dew.—Once, I am perfectly certain, she was about to tell him something, and make a regular scene, only she caught two pair of eyes fixed upon her at that very moment—Mr. Ambrose Slasher's, saying, rather languidly, but with quite sufficient malice, nevertheless: "What! you're sorry to go away from home, are you, and afraid to trust yourself to my tender mercies, young woman?" and Jack's, appealing to her with the expression of his own "Tulius Auffidius," in last year's Exhibition, where he is evidently remonstrating with Coriolanus, besought by his mother: "Now, you won't go, surely, in a moment of filial indiscretion, and wreck all our plans."

What Jack's plans were, as I have said, I knew nothing about; but my fears for their discovery made the day pass wearily enough. I should have thought, if it had not been for a certain tender gratefulness in Emily's "Good-night" that evening, that all hope of outmanœuvring the attache had died away. That great man sat up half the night in the library with an enormous desk, transacting the fagends of his bachelor-business—burning love-letters, and destroying locks of hair, as he would have had us believe, and did not retire till about one o'clock. I heard his stately step ascend the stairs with official regularity; and presently—for he slept in the adjoining chamber—the deep bass notes proclaim that one of Britannia's guardians was relaxing his perpetual vigilance. I strove to keep awake to catch more interesting sounds which might betoken that his rest was being taken every advantage of. I thought I heard a fairy tread upon the landing outside, then two soft voices whispering, and the French window beneath slide open, as though under the influence of salad oil; but it may have been, as I told Carry, who heard it also, nothing but the cats. "There's somebody getting into the house," said she; but I only gave her my word of honor that there was certainly nothing of that kind, but quite the reverse.

Early in the morning she got up, tearful, to go to her sister's room. She came back, as I expected, almost immediately, white and trembling. "Frederic, Frederic, what do you think has happened? Mr. Camellair and Emily have run away!" I was pretending to be fast asleep just then, but I could not help blurting out: "Well, I'm very glad to hear it;" then recollecting myself, and before she had time to attack me: "Very glad that Emily has got a fine day; what did you say about Mr. Camellair?" but I'm half afraid my wife suspected me.

What an awful row there was in a few minutes! I heard Mr. Slasher pulling on his patent leather boots with the most undiplomatic expressions; I heard a tumult of sobs from the bridemaids' chambers, who were sleeping four in a room, and I saw them, like a Greek chorus, at their doors, in white; I caught a glimpse of Aunt Belinda Trevor, sans teeth, and almost sans everything, as she stood at her threshold, anathematising the fugitives, and announcing her intention of erasing Emily from her will; I heard the man in the crack regiment laughing out of the next window but three, until exhausted, and afterwards he began again; I heard my own name uttered vehemently by my respected mother-in law, and I locked my door and retreated into my bed at once. "Mr. Biles, do you know anything about this? Mr. Biles! Mr. Biles!" and at that offensive monosyllable, the whole household seemed to rally around my door. "When did they go? How did they get away? Where have they run to? Where's the key of the stable, Mr. Biles?" (Clever Jack, to hide the key of the stable!) "I don't know," was my answer to everything that was asked of me, until I lost my patience, when I varied my reply by adding, "and I don't care."

Catching the young couple was luckily out of the question, for they had taken the only four horses—the horses that were provided for the *other* husband—five hours ago with them, and it was only thirty miles to the Scotch border.

I told Slasher it was of no use his getting into a passion with me, and he contented himself at last with abusing all painters, and Jack in particular. "I saw rogue in his eyes when I first looked at him," said he; but, as Camellair remarked when he heard of this: "Perhaps it was only the reflection."

The magnifico, indeed, although very savage, was not the sort of man to die of a broken heart; the three remaining Winkword girls, indeed, set to work so vigorously to comfort him, that, in the course of years, Blanche, the plainest, married and kept him in the family after all. Until that happened, the name of Camellair was forbidden to be breathed at the rectory, but there was soon afterwards a great reconciliation. I had got my £500 back long before then—the "Winning" alone, when finished, fetched the whole of the money—and Jack had found himself famous. To the original of his celebrated picture of "The First Born," which hangs in half the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, I had the pleasure of being godfather; and I brought the first "proof before letters" down to the Rev. Claude with my own hands. "Why doesn't he come and finish my picture?" said the old gentleman, with the tears standing in his eyes at the sight of his grandson. Jack came down like a good fellow, with his little family to the rectory at once. My respected mother-in-law set her—if she will pardon the expression—set her back up at him at first most uncommonly; but lately, since he had become an R. A., and is likely to be knighted, she has not been able to resist his delightful manners. He has given me the go-by in her good graces very easily, and she calls him "John;" whereas, during the whole of my long connection with her honorable self, I have never passed the limit of "Mr. B." Jack makes as much at home as his excellency himself—who *is* his excellency now—enjoys at Honolulu; and besides that, he has the satisfaction of working for it.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The late advices from Europe by the Persia, altogether rather favorable, have had no effect upon our market. There has been very little export demand, and to effect sales some holders have submitted to a concession of 12@25c ₱ bbl. Sales of 5,000 bbls at $7.37½@7.50 for standard and good brands; $7.75@8 for extra; $8@8.50 for extra family, and $8.75@9.50 for fancy lots. The sales to the trade have been within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour has declined 2c ₱ bbl, and there has been more doing. 100 bbls sold at $4.75. Corn Meal has been quiet. Small sales of Penna at $4, and Brandywine at $4.25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat during the past week have been small, and there has been a moderate inquiry for milling at an advance of 1@2c. Sales of 3@10,000 bushels at $1.85@1.90 ₱ bush for fair and choice red; $1.95@1.70 for Spring, and $1.90@1.95 for white. Rye has been in fair request, and 2@4000 bushels sold at $1.13 for Penna, and $1.05 for New Jersey. Corn has been unsettled, but the supplies have fallen off. Sales of 20@30,000 bushels yellow at 68@70c, afloat, closing at the latter figure, and mixed white at 65c. Oats have declined 1c ₱ bush. About 12,000 bush Penna and Del'ware sold at 54@55c, closing at our lowest figure.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of all descriptions since our last notice have been small, but the market has been dull. Sales of Mess Pork at $24@24.50, 60 days. City packed Mess Beef sells only for shop-use. Bacon—the demand has fallen off, but the stock is very much reduced, and prices are barely maintained. Sales of Hams at 12@13c—the latter figure for fancy canvassed; Sides at 13@13½c; and Shoulders at 11c ₱ lb, on time—including some into the South. In Green Salted Meats but little doing, and very little stock here to operate in. The supply, however, is ample for the demand. Lard—the demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Small sales of bbls at 12@13c, and kegs at 13c ₱ lb, cash.

BUTTER—The market continues dull, and sells scarcely a shade below our last quotations. Packed and Roll, there being very little of the latter offering.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark continue very small, and the stock is small, but there is but little demand for it. Sales of 100 bbls No 1 at $36 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark meets a steady inquiry, with sales of Spanish at $17 ₱ cord, and Chestnut at $14.

BEES'WAX—But little offering. We quote yellow at 26c ₱ lb, cash.

CANDLES—Sales of 1000 boxes city manufactured Adamantine on terms kept private, and small lots at 24@25c, 4 months. Limited sales of Sperm and Tallow at former rates.

COAL—There has been more doing. The demand for Red Ash has somewhat increased, but shipments have been materially retarded by the scarcity of vessels. Prices are firm for both Schuylkill and Lehigh. A cargo of Allegheny Blossburg Coal sold at the low price of 12c ₱ bus.

COFFEE—The market has had further arrivals of Rio this week. The article is held firmly at the improvement noticed at the close of last week. Sales of 1,500 bags Rio at 10½@11c, and some Laguayra at 12c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER—Continues dull at 32c ₱ lb, 6 months, for English Sheathing, and 24c for Yellow Metal.

COTTON—The market has been more buoyant under the Persia's accounts, and holders have put up their prices 1@1c. The demand has been confined to the better descriptions, of which the receipts and sales form several times past have been small. Sales of 1200 bales at 14½@14.6c ₱ lb, on time, for Upland, and 14½@15c for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES—But little doing. Among the sales were some Bleaching Powder at 2½c; Alum in lots at 2½@2½c for Lump and Ground; Oil of Lemon at $2.25; Soda Ash at 3½@3½c; and some Opium and Brimstone on terms kept private.

FEATHERS—Are not inquired after, and in the absence of sales, we quote Western at 34@35c ₱ lb, on time.

FISH—The receipts of Mackerel are small, but they are dull, and prices are barely maintained. Small sales are making from store at $14 ₱ bbl for medium No 1; $13 for No 2, and $11 for No 3, but of the latter there are now few or none offering. Large Fish are also scarce. A sale of Pickled Herring at $4 from the wharf; 500 bbls do on private terms, and 24@25 from store. Codfish sell in a small way at $3.25@3.37½ ₱ cwt.

FRUIT—About 50,000 Bahama Pine Apples sold at $6@7 ₱ 100. There have been no further arrivals of Oranges and Lemons, and the sales have been only in small lots from store within the range of our last quotations. Of Dried Fruit there is but little left, but supplies of Green will soon commence coming forward.

GINSENG—Prices continue entirely nominal for both Creola and Cultivated.

GUANO—The demand continues limited, but prices are steady for all descriptions.

HEMP—Is very quiet. A small sale of Western dressed was made on private terms, but a shade below the last sale.

HIDES—Are dull. Another import of 5300 Laguayra has arrived which remain unsold.

HOPS—Sell slowly at 30@35c for Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Is held firmly. Small sales of Bengal at $1.30 at .45 ₱ lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The dullness noted for some time past still continues, and for Pig Metal prices rather favor buyers. Small sales of Anthracite at $22.50@23 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for No 1; $23.50@24 for No 2, and $25 for No 3. No sales of Scotch Pig, and but little offering. The sales of Bar and Boiler Iron are confined to small lots, without change in prices.

LEAD—There is very little stock here, and holders are firmer in their demands. No sales.

LEATHER—The demand is quite limited for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are unchanged.

LUMBER—The receipts have been moderate, and there has been a fair inquiry. Among the sales we notice some Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14@15; Carolina at $16, and White Pine at $18@20 ₱ M. Laths are selling from $1.37½ to 1.62½ ₱ M for Cedar, and Boards.

MOLASSES—There is very little arriving, and the market continues exceedingly dull. Prices are lower and unsettled. 500 bbls damaged Cuba sold by auction at 18½c, cash.

NAVAL STORES—But little doing in Tar or Pitch. 1000 bbls No 2 Rosin sold at $2@2.12½ ₱ bbl. Spirits of Turpentine—The stock is very much reduced, but the demand has been limited, and prices are 2c ₱ gallon lower. Sales at 42c, cash, and 43@44c, on time.

OILS—There is a steady steam demand for Fish Oil, without change in prices. Lard Oil is dull and lower. Sperm is sales at $1.15, 4 mos, for No 1 Winter. Linseed Oil is held firmly, and meets a fair inquiry. Sales at 58@58 cts, cash. Red Oil is scarce and firm at 75c, cash, for old process and Wolcott.

PLASTER—There is more arriving and prices are lower. Two cargoes of Soft sold at $2.50@2.75 ₱ ton.

RICE—Has been in steady demand, and holders are firm at the late advance. Sales of 250 casks fair and prime quality, at $5.12½@5.37½, 4 months, part for shipment.

SALT—Prices are unchanged, and there have been no further arrivals or sales.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering, and prime has command $7 ₱ 64 lbs. Timothy continues very dull, and sells only in a retail way at $3.50@3.75 ₱ bus. The market continues bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1.90@1.95.

SPICES—There has been little or nothing doing.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are unchanged and there has been very little inquiry. N. E. Rum continues to command 34@35c. Whiskey has been quettled and is lower: sales of 1000 bbls Eastern, Ohio and Prison at 28@29c, closing at the latter rate, and bids at 32c.

SUGAR—The market has been exceedingly quiet. The only transactions reported, are small lots of Cuba at 10@10¼c ₱ lb, on time, and an invoice of 6000 sacks Brazil bound to go out of the market, on terms not made public—at the close there was a better feeling.

TALLOW—Meets a very limited inquiry. Small sales of Country at 10c, and City at 11c ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS—The demand has fallen off, but prices are firm for all kinds.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the demand is confined to small lots of home consumption.

WINES—The sales have been only in a small way, without change in prices.

WOOL—The receipts of the new clip continue very small, but they are increasing. There is very little stock here, but it is ample for the demand—the market being quiet—and the manufacturers generally expressing an unwillingness to operate at the present asking rates, sales of 130,000 lbs at 29c up to 57½c ₱ lb 6 mos.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 72 Dock Street.

MEATS.			
Beef.		Whole carcase	8 @ 9
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	18 @25	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	16 @20	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Rump do	15@16	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Chop	12
Pickled navels	6	Cutlet	14
Corned do	6 @10	Sweetbread, each	10
Tongues, fresh,	45 @56	*Pork.*	
Leg, each,	31@37½	Young Pigs	$1 75 @2 50
Shin	3c @4c	Salt and fresh ham	12 @ 14
Kidney	8 @12½	Feet, ₱ set	3½@ 3½
Liver ₱ lb	6	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 @ 6½
Dried Beef ₱ lb	30	Lard do	13 @ 15
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	13@ 14
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Fresh Sausage, ₱ lb	10 @ 12
Chop ₱ lb	9 @—	Pudding ₱ lb	10 @ 12
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Scrapple ₱ lb	8 @ 10
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₱ lb	14
Leg, Loin, Chop ₱ lb	8 @10	Tender Loin ₱ lb	16 @ 18
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Hogshead Cheese ₱ lb	10
Young Lamb, whole	$5,00	**VEGETABLES.**	
Turnips bkt	31 @ 40	Corn potatoes bu	1 25 @1 40
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do bkt	37½@ 50
Cabbage bbl	@1 50 @—	do bf pk	6 @ 12
do h'd	5 @ 10	Sweet potat's bkt	87 @1 00
Salad head	6 @ 10	do pk	18 @ 20
Pickles bkt	3 @ 37	Onions bus	— @2 00
Lima Beans qt	12½@ 15	Carrots doz	12
Green Peas bus	62 @ 87	Asparagus ₱ bunch	8 @ 10
FRUIT.		Rhubarb ₱ bunch	6 @ 8
Apples ₱ bkt	62½@1 12½	Green Mint ₱ bunch	3 @ 6
do bf pk	12½@ 25	**FRUIT.**	
Strawberries, quart,	6 @12	Cranberries qt	10
POULTRY AND GAME.		Gooseberries ₱ qt	10 @12½
Turkeys ₱ lb	15 @ 20	Currants "	10 @12
Turkeys each	1 75 @ 3 50	**POULTRY AND GAME.**	
Spring Chickens ₱ pair	31 @ 37	Chickens ₱ pair	1 @1
		Sqb Pig's ne pr	25 @ 31
		Wild Pig's ne doz	1 00 @1 12
		Frogs doz	25 @ 50
SHELL-FISH.		**SHELL-FIS

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WATCH AND A CLOCK.—A watch differs from a clock in its having a vibrating wheel instead of a vibrating pendulum; and, as in a clock, gravity is always pulling the pendulum down to the bottom of its arc, which is its natural place of rest, but does not fix it there, because the momentum acquired during its fall from one side carries it up to an equal height on the other—so in a watch a spring, generally spiral, surrounding the axis of the balance-wheel, is always pulling this toward a middle position of rest, but does not fix it there, because the momentum acquired during its approach to the middle position from either side, carries it just as far past on the other side, and the spring has to begin its work again. The balance-wheel at each vibration allows one tooth of the adjoining wheel to pass, as the pendulum does in a clock; and the record of the beats is preserved by the wheel which follows. A main-spring is used to keep up the motion of the watch, instead of the weight used in a clock; and as a spring acts equally well whatever be its position, a watch keeps time although carried in the pocket, or in a moving ship. In winding up a watch, one turn of the axle on which the key is fixed is rendered equivalent, by the train of wheels, to about four hundred turns or beats of the balance-wheel; and thus the exertion, during a few seconds, of the hand which winds up, gives motion for twenty-four or thirty hours.—*Dr. Arnott.*

SIMPLICITY.—Our life is frittered away by detail. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred, or a thousand; instead of a million count half-a-dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds, and storms, and quicksands, and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom, and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator, indeed, who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary, eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German confederacy, made up of petty States, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. Our nation itself with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps—ruined by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it, as for them, is a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life, and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast.—*Emerson.*

DOMESTIC LIFE AMONG THE MOORS.—When the French captured Algiers, in 1830, it was stipulated, among the terms of capitulation, that no private house should be entered. Accordingly, the invading army filed into the barracks appointed for their reception, leaving the domestic privacy of the town wholly untouched. Unless this had been acceded to, it would have been a war of extermination.

The Moors rarely avail themselves of the religious permission to marry more than one wife; but divorces are facile, and so numerous, that many Moresques now demand to be married under the French civil law, which allows no divorce, and secures a fixed position to the wife and her children. The position of a Moorish wife, divorced by the fantasy of her husband, and thrown upon a society in which a woman has next to no chances of gaining her bread, is truly pitiable. It is curious that the Jews in Algiers have likewise renounced their facility of divorce, and have taken to marrying under the French law. Very slowly, but surely, is European civilization progressing among this heretofore stationary people.

A POINT OF HONOR ADJUSTED.—An altercation took place one evening, in the course of which pistols were drawn, in a public house in ——city, when both parties were instantly seized and held by the bystanders. "Let me go!" shouted gentleman No. 1. "Let *me* go!" shouted gentleman No. 2. "He drew a weapon first!" shouted gentleman No. 1; "didn't you?" "Yes, I did," responded gentleman No. 2. "And you drew it to frighten me?" continued gentleman No. 1. "No, I didn't," responded gentleman No. 2. "Well, what did you draw it for?" demanded gentleman No. 1. "I drew it because you had frightened me," said gentleman No. 2. "Oh!" exclaimed gentleman No. 1. Gentleman No. 1 was satisfied; point of honor was settled; the parties shook hands; and the bar-keeper forthwith mixed nine juleps and stuck straws into them, and gentlemen, from No. 1 up to No. 9 (who was none other than the artistic bar-keeper himself,) all cooled their noses over "the fragrant and sparkling," as Dick Swiveller would have called it.—*Washington Statesman.*

☞ Pope, the actor, who was very fond of the good things of this life, once when expatiating at table on the excellence of hams, said, Ham, sir, is the same improvement upon bacon that steel is upon iron; in fact, sir, *ham is poetry of bacon.*"

☞ THE NEW CENT.—"Doge" has discovered a *new sense* in which the *new cents* are a nuisance, the bird looks like a carrier pigeon *carious new scents*, bearing *news hence*; but as he is *one sent* it is a proper device for *cent.*—*Newburyport Herald.*

INTELLIGENCE OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—The London Advertiser states a fact which shows that some men occupying prominent positions in England, are not above the need of the most elementary Sunday School instruction. It says that a candidate for Parliament at the recent election, in the course of electioneering speech, was asked: "What do you think of the Decalogue?" Confounded by the inquiry, he turned to a friend, and asked, in a whisper: What does that mean?" The friend, whose assistance with divinity was on a par with his own, replied by suggesting that it probably meant flogging the army. Whereupon the candidate declared: "I entirely disapprove of the Decalogue, and will never vote till I see it abolished." The gentleman was elected, and is now a member of the new Parliament. The advertiser adds: "We pledge ourselves for the perfect accuracy of this statement."

HOOPS ORDERED OUT OF MARKET.—The Norfolk (Va.) Argus states that, on Saturday, a mulatto girl went to the market of that city with hoops so massive, that the clerk ordered her away from the stall as an obstruction. In the meantime a noisy crowd had collected to tear her hoops off, in which they was successfully aided by two or three colored men present.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE ratio of the increase of population in France is greatest in the lower classes; the middling and upper ranks have seldom large families. In that country the population evidently increases faster since the adoption of vaccine inoculation.

THE Cattle Murrain in the northern part of Europe is subsiding. The results of scientific investigations regarding the origin and symptoms of the disease seem to have removed the apprehensions of its possible introduction into England.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS.—A lawsuit, which arose from a discrepancy of weights between one of Fairbanks' Scales, in use by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and one of another manufacturer, was recently tried in the Court of Common Pleas, Baltimore. The case occupied the Court two days.—Judge Marshall, in delivering his decision, stated as the result of the evidence, that the accuracy of Fairbanks' Scales was established beyond all question.

SHAKSPEARE'S HOME.—Shakspeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Av. n has had a narrow escape of being destroyed by fire, a conflagration having broken out at the George and Dragon Inn situate next door.

GOLD IN ENGLAND.—Much interest has been excited by the discovery of a "gold field" in Great Budworth, Cheshire. It appears that as some builders were employed on the property of Mr. Warburton, they discovered what has been proved to be gold dust of excellent quality, also a large nugget, valued at £60. Mr. Wallace, the curate, forwarded a "nugget" to London, to be tested, and it was returned, as "pure gold." The gold is open to public inspection, and the greatest excitement exists, the most sanguine expectations being entertained in the locality.

A PRISONER'S INGENUITY.—A young man of 18, in prison at Paris for theft, has made a watch of straw. This little masterpiece is two and a half inches in diameter, about half an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial plate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments and materials the prisoner had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by this surprising genius for mechanics, are now endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

THE MAIN LINE of the public works of the State of Pennsylvania, was recently sold by auction, at the Philadelphia Exchange, to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for the sum of $7,500,000, being the minimum price fixed by law.

APROPOS OF MR. HUME, in Paris, the following anecdote is told:—On one occasion the Emperor expressed a desire to be put into personal contact with the spirits; immediately the imperial person received a violent kick. On being asked who was the happy spirit, thus allowed to approach royalty in this ungracious and familiar manner, the reply was Louis Philippe!

A PREACHER named Finkler, has been convicted in the U. S. Court at Springfield, Ill., for obstructing the U. S. mail, by tearing up a rail from the railroad in order to throw the cars from the track, because the train had run over and killed his cow. The Court imposed the highest penalty—fine and costs—amounting to about $1,000. He is still subject to a criminal prosecution.

POWERS' GREEK SLAVE was recently sold in New York, at auction, for $5,000. The Cosmopolitan Art Association was the purchaser.

THE GRAIN harvest in Europe, according to intelligent information, will be magnificent, the silk crop worse than last year, which was very bad. The vintage seems likely to rival the grain crop, and to redeem the failures of several years.

IT HAS recently been found by experiment in Europe, that, supposing a rifle to be discharged at an object six hundred yards off, the bullet would rise probably for four hundred yards, and then gradually descend for the remaining two hundred yards.

A LETTER from Marseilles alludes to a "new invention that has been made; it is, to prepare flour, by a chemical process, a great deal finer than by grinding; a sample of the flour has been sent to the Academy of Science in Paris, to report upon."

THE GRAIN CROPS.—The Selma (Alabama) Sentinel says, that the grain crops in that State were never more abundant, nor of a better quality, and predicts that flour, in less than three months, will be sold at $3 per hundred, and corn at 50 cents per bushel. In Georgia also it is the best crop ever harvested. Oats have suffered a little from dry weather, although a full average yield is harvested or will be. Corn is backward and small for the season of the year, but is generally healthy, and may yet turn out well. Cotton, however, is too much injured fully to recover, no matter how much it may be favored hereafter.

CRINOLINE dresses having been largely employed to smuggle goods into Paris, without paying the octroi duties, women are about to be employed at the various offices of the barriers to make a personal examination of all females wearing crinoline.

THE STEAMSHIPS Atlantic and Vanderbilt are having a race across the ocean to Liverpool. At Staten Island, the Atlantic was four miles ahead.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.—A contemporary, in printing the speech of one of the Bunker Hill celebration orators describing the place where the battle was fought, made it instead, the place where "the *bottle* was *bought*."

A RARE THING IN THAT QUARTER.—The New Orleans Picayune has been presented with an apple grown in that city—"the first New Orleans apple," it says, "we ever saw." It grew on a tree four feet high.

COLOR OF THE SPIRITS.—The Dayton Gazette relates a queer incident which occurred at a spiritual circle held by some political characters. On the entrance of a noted abolitionist, all the spirits announced themselves black, and not one would own to be even mulatto after that.

GOOD BACKERS—AN INCIDENT OF SPIRITUALISM.—A long-bearded customer recently entered a spiritual book store in New York city, and applied for an agency. He proposed to take a large quantity of books to his part of the country, "away out West," where he represented that he could soon sell them, as he was assured by the "invisibles." The enterprising bookseller was, of course, delighted with this prospect of a sale; but his enthusiasm was somewhat dampened when the long-bearded gentleman remarked that he had no money, and wanted the books entirely upon credit.

"Are you responsible?" was the natural inquiry of the merchant.

"Perfectly."

"What evidence of your reliability can you furnish?"

"I have the best of backers—men whose names you know well."

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"Very well," said he; "let us see your papers."

Thereupon the customer presented the following document:

To whom it may concern: We, the undersigned, having been acquainted spiritually with Mr. ——, of ——, Wisconsin, for many years, recommend him as perfectly reliable, and would not be afraid to trust him to any amount.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
HENRY CLAY,
THOMAS PAINE,
JOHN MILTON, and others.

Through Jane E——, medium.

The bookseller remarked that the backers were good if the medium was reliable; but he thought, on the whole, he would prefer to keep the books. The customer hereupon denounced the bookseller as an impostor, telling him that he did not believe his own doctrines, and that the spirits would expose his duplicity to the world. Of this he felt assured by the spirit of prophecy within him. The bookseller was not convinced.

CONGRESSIONAL CORRUPTION.—Everybody remembers, says the Louisville Journal, the Reeside claim, for the payment of which Congress appropriated $142,469, with interest from December, 1841, amounting to $228,501 70. Mrs. Reeside, the executrix of the estate, who recovered the claim, has filed her account of the administration of her husband's estate, and by her sworn account it appears that she paid $100,294 59 for lobby service and other expenses, in getting the claim allowed.

FEMALE SUPREMACY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—During Dr. Livingston's descent along the river Zambese he came chiefly in contact with the Balonda negroes. On gaining a more intimate acquaintance with their social state, a traveller was specially struck with one prevailing peculiarity—the position, and even power of the women. As a rule, it has been found that heathenism deprives woman of her rightful station in society, and dooms her to drudgery and degradation. He was not prepared, therefore, to find among this heathen and very superstitious people the relative position of man and woman reversed. That the woman should sit in the councils of the nation, that a young man on entering the matrimonial state should be compelled to remove from his own village to that of his wife; and in forming that relation he should bind himself to provide her mother with firewood as long as the old lady lived; that the wife alone could divorce the husband, and that, in the event of their separation, the children become the property of their mother; and that the lord of creation should be unable to enter into the most ordinary contract, or to perform the simplest service for another, without the sanction of "the lady superior"—were certainly indications of female supremacy, which it was passing strange to find (it is to be hoped for the first time and the last in the history of discoveries) among the denizens of Central Africa. But yet it must be followed that "the reciprocity was" not "only on one side;" for, in return for the husband's deference, his wives are expected to provide him with food. This possibly, may account for the fact which our friend states, that the ladies never lack a husband, and that an old maid is not to be found from the Cape to the Equator.

Occasionally, however, there will come a hitch in their domestic arrangements; and while our traveller supplies no instance of rebellion on the part of the husbands, he shows that conspiracy was not unusual among wives. If at any time the former is so unfortunate as to offend the ladies, they resolve to wound him in the most tender part—the stomach. Returning home, therefore, at the usual hour, he calls upon his first wife and asks for dinner; but she sends him to a second, whom he loves better; and she again to a third, until he has run the gauntlet through them all, with the same result. Having nothing left but to avenge himself of the wrong, faint and hungry, he climbs a tree in some populous part of his village, and proclaims aloud, with piteous intonations, "Listen, ah, listen; I thought I had married women, but they are only witches! I am a bachelor! I have not a single wife! Is that right for a gentleman like me?" But the ladies, not always satisfied with showing their displeasure in the negative form, will sometimes even dare to enforce their authority over their better-halves with cuffs and blows. This, however, is carrying matters a *little* too far, and the public sentiment being against such conduct, the poor sufferer gets more substantial revenge; for the authorities of the village then interfere, and his tyrannical wife is sentenced for the assault to carry him upon her back from the Cotla, an enclosed court of the chief's premises, to his own house, taunted, as she goes along with the sneers and gibes of men on the one hand; but, alas! on the other, cheered by the sympathy and by such exhortations as "serves him right," "give it to him," from members of her own gentle sex.—*British Banner.*

THE DEAN CASE AGAIN.—The New York Sunday Courier says that John Dean, not being of a studious turn of mind, found it rather dull studying grammar down among the Lang Islanders, and sighed to return. So he took a run up to the city, and suddenly appeared to the fair and constant lady love. The Courier adds:

She, being a true hearted and high-minded lady, was rather shocked by her husband's lack of honor in not keeping his parole. She positively refused to have anything to say to him, and commanded him to return and keep his engagement, or she would never see him again. He went, but unwillingly.

THE DANGER OF DOGMATISM.—Some mine agents pretend to superior knowledge as regards the productive qualities of soils, concerning which they speak with all the confidence of inspired men. The late Capt. Pethorick, Capt. C. Thomas's predecessor at Dalcoath, was one of this class. He was requested to give his opinion on the ground now comprising Wheal Basset, North Basset, West Basset, South Frances, and Buller Mines, and his report was, that it did not contain copper enough to make a penny! This group of mines is the richest in Cornwall. Had the spectators been influenced by such a report as that, a penny-worth of copper would not, indeed, have been *raised* there.—*English Paper.*

☞ "I've got a new pair of boots," said A to B, putting one forward as a sample—"a handsome fit, eh? I bought them to wear in genteel society." "They will be likely to last you a lifetime, then," rejoined B, "and be worth something to your heirs."

☞ It is said that the kind mothers at the East are growing so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

☞ HEART-BREAKING.—A woman has suggested that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting immediately and growing in its place.

☞ Hope very often opens the door for disappointment to shut it.

☞ By mixing with the world we often imperceptibly lose our prejudices while engaged in analyzing them.

☞ Happiness is that inward, sweet delight, that arises from harmony between our will and God's will.

☞ When a man is once out of the way of God, he easily falls from one sin to another.

☞ Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, and the longer it dwells upon, the deeper it sinks into the mind.

☞ Sterne used to say: "The most accomplished way of using books, is to serve them as most people do lords—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY B. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 323 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '42	109	—
" " '67	114	—
" " '68	109	—
" " '85	100	—
Phila 6 pr ct	87	87½
" " new	92½	93
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Phila 5 pr ct	72	75
" " coupon	744	75
Allegheny city 6 pr ct	62½	63
" " county	60	65
Alle co RR 6 s	53	75
Penn " 5 "	83	83½
" " " coupons	86	87
Penn 6 pr ct	87	87½
" 5 " coupons	76½	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	103½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	97	98
Sch nuyl canal '85	103	105
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	75
P G & N RR "	92	92½
Reading RR "	78	78½
" " m'rt "	84	86
H & Lan RR "	87	88
Cha Val RR "	55	60
Penn RR "	78	79
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	96½	97
Leh I RR "	69½	70
Sch Nav '82 "	64	65½
Lehigh Nav "	91	92
Mort "	91	100
C & D C "	72	73
Sus & Tid '70 "	80	84
Union Canal "	87	87½
Will'ms & Elmira 1st mrt 7 pr ct	76½	77
2d " 7 pr ct	63½	64½
Catawissa "	55	59
North Penns 6 pr ct	80	85
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	109	110
Penns	45½	45¾
Bes Meadow	84	84½
North Penns	10¾	11
Phil Ger & Nor	58	60
Reading	35	37½
Minehill	49	50
Har & Lan	88	90
Chester Val	68	70
Wash	12	—
" preferred	20½	—
P W & Balt	21	23½
Long Island	11	11½
Williamsport & Elmira	20	20½
Catawissa	12	12½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	12½	14
" preferred	21½	22
Lehigh Nav	37	37½
Morris	50	51
" preferred	95	95½
C & Del	60	70
Union	91	94
Sus & Tidewater	7	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	150	160
Penns	112½	115
Phila	118	118½
Far & Mec	63½	64
Commercial	50	51½
N Liberty	56	59½
Mechanics	77½	78
Southwark	58	62
P Township	35½	36
Kensington	62	65
Girard	104	104½
Western	67	67½
Man & Mech	28½	30
Commerce	66	66
Tradesman's	65	—
City	80½	81
Commodation	27	30
Pittsburg	58	—
M & M Pitts	60	—
Far'rs Pitts	97	—
Kentucky	114	115
Northern, Ky	119	120
Louisville, Ky.	113	115½
Farmers, Ky.	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	106	107½
Plant's, Tenn.	103	103
Com & R Vicksburg	7	11
N O Gas Lt	120	125
North Carolina.		
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	
Small notes	2 dis	
Georgia.		
Old bks	¼ dis	
New bks	2 to 5 dis	
Bk Columbus	no sale	
Bk of Milledgeville	no sale	
Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale	
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale	
South Carolina.		
Solv bks	¼ dis	
Alabama.		
Bk of Mobile	1 dis	
Other solv bks	5 dis	
Mississippi.		
All bks	uncertain	
Louisiana.		
Solv bks	1 dis	
Ohio.		
Solv bks	1 dis	
Bk of Circleville	25 dis	
Canal bk	¼ dis	
Kentucky.		
Solv bks	1 dis	
Indiana.		
New solvent bks	2 dis	
State bk	1 dis	
Shawnee bk, Attica	no sale	
Cramer's bk, Lafayette	½ dis	
Other bks	5 to 50 dis	
Illinois.		
Peoples bk, Carmi	20 dis	
Rushville bk, Rushville	20 dis	
Solvent bks	5 dis	
Agricultural bk	20 dis	
Aymer Ex bk	20 dis	
Bk Commonwealth	20 dis	
Missouri.		
Solv bks	1 dis	
Tennessee.		
Bk of East Tenn	no sale	
River Bank	no sale	
Solv bks	2 dis	
Small notes	21 dis	
Central bk	no sale	
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale	
New bks	3 to 5 dis	
Michigan.		
Solv bks	2 dis	
Arkansas.		
All bks	no sale	
Wisconsin.		
Solv bks	2 dis	
Texas.		
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	5 dis	
Pennsylvania.		
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	
Relief notes	1 dis	
Lancaster bk	50 dis	
Erie City bk	35 dis	
Bk of Newcastle	35 dis	
New Jersey.		
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	
Morris bk Bridgeton	30 dis	
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	20 dis	
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy,	failed	
Delaware.		
Solvent bks	par	
Under 5's	¼ dis	
Maryland.		
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis	
District of Columbia.		
Exchange bk	20 dis	
Solv bks	¼ dis	
New York.		
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	
8th Avenue bk	8 dis	
Knickerbocker bk	½ dis	
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	
Mar & Man bk Geneva	30 dis	
Ex bk Hudson	30 dis	
Empire City bk	½ dis	
Central bk	½ dis	
Champlain bk	no sale	
Maine.		
Solv bks	¼ dis	
Bk of Bucksport	20 dis	
Ellsworth bk	50 dis	
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	
Canton bk South China	no sale	
Exchange bk	no sale	
Hancock bk	25 dis	
New Hampshire.		
Solv bks	¼ dis	
Lancaster bk	closed	
Exeter bk	failed	
Vermont.		
Solv bks	¼ dis	
South Royalton bk	2 dis	
Connecticut.		
Solv bks	¼ dis	
Massachusetts.		
Solv bks	¼ dis	
Rhode Island.		
Solv bks	¼ dis	
Bk Republ Providence	70 dis	
Canada.		
Solv bks	2 dis	
Zimmerman	5 dis	
Virginia.		
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis	
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis	

TO SALOON, INN-KEEPERS, GROCERS, and FAMILIES generally.—Over Fifty Practical Receipts for $1. Cider without apples; Pure Vinegar in three days; Excellent Honey; Washing Fluid; Inks; Pure Wine, Champagne; Ice Creams; Sodas, &c., &c.
my23-14t A. WOOD, Ann Arbor, Michigan

MOSS BREAD.—A Finnish journal, the Sourmetar, states that the Russian Government has despatched two physicians to the parishes of Northern Finland, to instruct the inhabitants in the art of making bread from moss.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
T. R. CALLENDER, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
E. H. HUNT, 63 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
McNALLY & CO., 25 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SIMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE COMET IN SIGHT.—Watson at the moment of going to press, that one of the Professors of the High School has discovered the comet, with the aid of a spy-glass. The expected visitor is coming on full force speed, and at the rate he assures us those who survive the week, and who are not hooked into the middle of next week by the millions, to show their appreciation of the blessing by getting themselves new and elegant clothes at the magnificent establishment of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style) Chesnut Street, above 6th, Philada.

ALL SORTS, SIZES AND STYLES BATHING DRESSES at SLOAN'S, late 174 Market St., Philada., or at his stores on Cape Island, N. J.

READ IT! READ IT!
GREAT CURE, AFTER THE PHYSICIANS HAD FAILED BY HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
RUSSELVILLE, Ohio, Jan. 10, 1855.
Dr. C. M. Jackson.—Dear Sir:—We would inform you that we are out of your Bitters, which are very ready sale. One of our neighbors has been doctoring for some time, (we think about two years, with all the doctors in the country,) but all of no avail. He heard as much like a dead man going about as anything we can compare him to. His disease appeared to us an *overflowing of the gall.* With good persuasion we prevailed on him to try your Bitters, with the promise to him if it did us good, we would charge him nothing for it, provided he took six bottles, according to the direction, which he has done, and is now entirely cured, and has become a well man. This cure has created a great sale in this neighborhood.
Respectfully, EDWARDS & BROWN.
These Bitters are for sale at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists and dealers in Patent Medicines.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.—A fresh and new stock of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware in every variety, Wholesale and Retail, at greatly Reduced Prices, at the Old Establishment, No. 322 Market Street, above Sixth Street. Old number 216. WM. BAILEY & SON. Jan30-tf

IT IS FOLLY to suffer from a protracted cough when relief may be so easily obtained. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is undoubtedly the most reliable of all preparations offered for the cure of throat and lung complaints.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At New London, Chester county, June 18, by the Rev. R. P. Dubois, Dr. GEORGE H. WATERS, to Miss JOSEPHINE ELIZABETH CLOUD, both of Philadelphia.
On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. EDGAR REED, to Miss MARTHA M. HARPER, both of this city.
On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM FERGUSON, to Miss MARY STIRLING, both of this city.
On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willetts, HARRY S. SAYVIN, to SALLIE E. daughter of Chas. Williams, both of this city.
On the ——ult. May, by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. FRANCIS HACKNEY, to Miss KATE HARP, daughter of Jacob Harp, Esq. both of this city.
On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. Benjamin Griffiths, CHARLES H. WOODRUFF, to RAY A. DUBBINS, all of this city.
On the 9th of April, by the Rev. John Chambers, WILLIAM W. CROSS, of Philadelphia, to MAGGIE A. EVANS, formerly of Lancaster county, Pa.
On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. MOSES MECHERY, to Miss ELIZABETH ELKY, both of this city.
On the 9th of Oct. by the Rev. William Ramsey, EZEKIEL SULLIVAN, to Miss SARAH J. LANGFORD.
On the 30th of May, by the Rev. Richard Vaughan, Mr. RICHARD GENNETT, to Miss FRANCES A. ANDERSON, both of Richmond, Va.
On the 30th ultimo, by the Hon. Richard Vaux, Mayor, THOMAS B. TILTON, to ELIZABETH C. SIMMONS, both of this city.
On the 31 of May, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. EDWARD HARNER, to Miss FREDERICK A. ECCLES, only daughter of Saml H. Eccles, Esq.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, JAMES MAXELL, aged 63 years.
On the 25th ultimo, ISAAC C. FREEMAN, aged 23 years.
On the 22d ultimo, Mr. JAMES ELLIOTT, aged 75 years.
On the 22d ultimo, HARRIET, wife of Isaac Perkins.
On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ANN BUTLER, aged 67 years.
On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. SARAH ELLEN, wife of John D. Smith, aged 28 years.
On the 24th ultimo, JOHN F. HARER, aged 44 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH NEWELL, aged 71.
On the 25th ultimo, EMILY LESLIE, wife of Jos. D. Dungan, aged 44 years.
On the 21st ultimo, ANN, wife of William McElwee, aged 46 years.
On the 21st ultimo, HUMPHREY JONES, aged 58 years.
On the 22d ultimo, ARMON DAVIS, aged 76 years.
On the 21st ultimo, L. REE PETERS, aged 33 years.
On the 21st ultimo, Miss MARY CARROLL.
On the 20th ultimo, MARGARET, daughter of Chas. and Eliza Asham, aged 17 years.
On the 21st ultimo, WILLIAM B. KERLIN, of Chester, aged 43 years.
On the 19th ultimo, MATTHIAS HENNER, aged 83 years.
On the 24th ultimo, LAWRENCE BURNS, aged 52 years.
On the 23d ultimo, NELSON S. son of Gilbert S. Parker, aged 22 years.
On the 21st ultimo, JAMES BROWN, of Havre de Grace, aged 31 years.
On the 20th ultimo, ANNA R. FRAME, aged 63 years.
On the 20th ultimo, M. THOMAS McADAMS, Jr. aged 30.
On the 21st ultimo, ELIZA, wife of Richard Robinson, aged 33 years.
On the 21st ultimo, Mr. DAVID TEAL, aged 23 years.
On the 20th ultimo, ANN M. FOULKROD, aged 70 years.
On the 21st ultimo, JAMES TURNER, aged 31 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 29 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, June 27, 1857.

Pennsylvania.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Relief notes	1 dis
Lancaster bk	50 dis
Erie City bk	35 dis
Bk of Newcastle	35 dis
New Jersey.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Morris bk Bridgeton	30 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	20 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy,	failed
Delaware.	
Solvent bks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
Maryland.	
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis
District of Columbia.	
Exchange bk	20 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis
New York.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
8th Avenue bk	8 dis
Knickerbocker bk	½ dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis
Mar & Man bk Geneva	30 dis
Ex bk Hudson	30 dis
Empire City bk	½ dis
Central bk	½ dis
Champlain bk	no sale
Maine.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk of Bucksport	20 dis
Ellsworth bk	50 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale
Exchange bk	no sale
Hancock bk	25 dis
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Lancaster bk	closed
Exeter bk	failed
Vermont.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
South Royalton bk	2 dis
Connecticut.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk Republ Providence	70 dis
Canada.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Zimmerman	5 dis
Virginia.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis
North Carolina.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
Georgia.	
Old bks	¼ dis
New bks	2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus	no sale
Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
South Carolina.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Alabama.	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Other solv bks	5 dis
Mississippi.	
All bks	uncertain
Louisiana.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Ohio.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Bk of Circleville	25 dis
Canal bk	¼ dis
Kentucky.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Indiana.	
New solvent bks	2 dis
State bk	1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica	no sale
Cramer's bk, Lafayette	½ dis
Other bks	5 to 50 dis
Illinois.	
Peoples bk, Carmi	20 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville	20 dis
Solvent bks	5 dis
Agricultural bk	20 dis
Aymer Ex bk	20 dis
Bk Commonwealth	20 dis
Missouri.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Tennessee.	
Bk of East Tenn	no sale
River Bank	no sale
Solv bks	2 dis
Small notes	21 dis
Central bk	no sale
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis	no sale
New bks	3 to 5 dis
Michigan.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Arkansas.	
All bks	no sale

Wit and Humor.

THE COMIC SONGS OF OLD.

Where are the songs of our forefathers? the comic songs they sang,
When their festive halls and their tavern walls at their merry meetings rang,
With a right fal lol, and a tol de rol, and a foodle doodle doo,
And a chorus of rumpty iddity, and a burden of toural loo.

No man dares fol de rido sing; derided he would be
If he did so, or sang hey ho, or fiddle diddle dee;
And in this age soon from the stage that injudicious clown
Would be hooted for such an atrocity as singing derry down.

The day of fol de riddle lol is past, and none would now
Adjoin ding dong unto a song, or sing whack row de dow,
Or rub a dub at any club, or private friendly board,
And no longer is chip chow cherry chow in social assemblies roared.

The toural lal, the leural lal, the leural and li day
Of Villikins applause that wins in the celebrated lay,
Is all burlesque, absurd, grotesque, a mock of the ditties old,
With the tooral oural choruses which in other times were trolled.

Those were the times of our forefathers, the funny days of yore,
Great thick cravats, Prince Regent hats, and stays when dandies wore,
High collars, too, and coats sky blue, watch ribbons huge of size,
And the tightest of possible pantaloons, and pumps with enormous ties.

What jolly bucks were our forefathers, that gaily used to sing
Ri tal de rol de riddle lol, when George the Third was King,
And revelry with song and glee delighted to combine,
As they drank their toasts and sentiments in bumpers of strong port wine. —*Punch.*

LAZY WIT.—A short time since a society was formed in a neighboring town for the laudable purpose of discountenancing those unnecessary exertions of body and mind which those who wish to be considered cleverer than their neighbors are accustomed to undergo. It was named the *Lazy and Idle Society*, and among its regulations it was provided that if any member rose before seven o'clock in the morning he should be excluded. After a while it was more than insinuated that one of the most conspicuous of its members had been repeatedly seen in an arm-chair in front of his house as early as five o'clock in the morning. These rumors caused no little stir among the fraternity, who immediately called a special meeting, at which the accused was summoned to be dealt with according to his deserts. The evidence was clear, and no doubt remained that he had been guilty of a flagrant breach of the rules of the society. When called for his defence, however, he repelled with indignation the aspersion against his character, and avowed himself a true convert to the principles he professed.

"'Tis true," said he, "I have been found in the position stated, but the reason is this:—I am accustomed to take that position after supper, and when bed-time comes I feel too lazy to stir, and so remain there through the night."

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S WITTICISMS.—A young counsel who had the reputation of being a very impudent fellow, but whose memory failed him when beginning to recite a long speech which he had prepared, having uttered these words—"The *unfortunate client* who appears by me—the *unfortunate client* who appears by me—My Lord, my *unfortunate client*"—the Chief Justice interposed, and almost whispered in a soft and encouraging tone—"You may go on, sir—so far the Court is quite with you." * * * * * Mr. Caldecot, a great Sessions lawyer, but known as a dreadful *bore*, was arguing a question upon the rateability of certain lime quarries to the relief of the poor, and contended at enormous length that, "like lead and copper mines, they were not rateable, because the limestone in them could only be reached by deep *boring*, which was matter of science." *Lord Ellenborough, C. J.*—"You will hardly succeed in convincing us, sir, that every species of *boring* is "*matter of science.*"

"JENTLEMANLY" LADIES.—An incident which occurred on the New York Railroad some months since, forcibly illustrates the "power of politeness." The seats were all full, except one which was occupied by a rough looking, but honest Irishman—and at one of the stations, a couple of evidently well bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats; but seeing no vacant ones, were about to go into a back car—when Patrick rose hastily, and offered them his seat, with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies with a smile—hesitating, with true politeness, as to accepting it. "Niver yo mind *that!*" said the Hibernian, "yer welcome to 't. I'd ride upon the *cow-catcher* till New York, any time, for a smile from sich *jintlemanly* ladies!" and retreated hastily into the next car, amid the cheers of those who had witnessed the incident.

RATHER A FERTILE PIECE OF GROUND.—A lot of backwoodsmen were assembled, not long since in a tavern "Out West," and were relating the largest kind of agricultural yarns. After a liberal statement of *facts*, one of the circle, who had but lately returned from that bountiful region, the prairies of Illinois, startled the wonder, if not the credulity, of his hearers, by relating the following:—"While gathering the crops from one of those celebrated thousand acre fields one of the ears fell point downwards to the earth and in consequence of its great weight sunk to a considerable depth. It having been found impossible to extricate it by any ordinary means, a stout yoke of oxen were attached to it, and after incredible exertions on the part of said oxen, the cob was drawn out clean, leaving a well sixty feet deep, completely paved in the most thorough manner with the kernels!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MANURING.—"I say, Sambo, does you know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?" "No, I don't know, 'cept it makes de ground stronger for de corn." "No, I just tell you; when de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'fumery, so it hurries out of de ground, and gets up as high as possible so it can't breathe bad air."

GRADUAL CONVERSION.—A colored preacher at the South was having a revival—a "powerful time,"—and got all the negroes in the vicinity into a serious mood. Only one held out, COON SQUASH, a notoriously hard case in both head and heart, for he had been known to "butt" a hole in a lime kiln, and had the heart to eat rattlesnakes. He attended service, however, with great regularity, but could not be brought to his knees. One night the preacher determined to "fotch him down," and went at it in a *powerful* prayer. He first told how sinful Coon was in shutting up the bars of his heart to keep the Spirit out, and holding his head up as stiff as a sugar-house stack. Old Coon began to think he *was* a hard case, and so resolved to unbend a little and lean his head forward on his hand. Then the preacher took hope and waxed warmer, telling Coon that one bar being down, to let down another and see how he would feel. To this Coon assented, and placed his face in his hands and shut himself up like a jack-knife. Then the preacher came down in his grandest swoop, and cried "now, Coon, de bottom bar! git down on your knees and open it!" Down went Coon upon his knees, and up went such a shout from the preacher and his people as convinced outsiders that the bars were all down, and that Coon was vanquished.

A DREADFUL EFFORT.—"There," said Libby, as a troublesome customer left the store, and he was putting up a pile of dry goods on the shelves, his face still wearing the seraphic expression which no outward vexation can ever disturb, "Can you tell me why this unsuccessful attempt at a trade is like a young man who cannot by any coaxing get a beard on his face?" The customer he asked paused a moment from examining a pair of cotton hose, and answered that he couldn't see the least resemblance. "Why," said Libby, "you saw that I couldn't get *her* suited, neither can *he* get hirsuted." The man paid for the hose, and went out without saying a word.—*Boston Gazette.*

INDIGNANT SURPRISE.—Lately a gentleman of Chicago was accompanying two ladies to the panorama of the Arctic Expedition, when, in crossing Market street, he stepped on a *hogshead hoop*, which flew up (as hoops *will do*,) and struck him across his not very handsome nose. "Good heavens, ladies!" he exclaimed, "which of you dropped that?"

HOW TO IMPART ODOR TO FLOWERS.—Every day, man is extending his empire over external nature. Flowers, more especially, spring at his bidding in forms and colors so much richer and more beautiful than the original type, that he might almost boast them for his own. He has now gone a step further; he has acquired the art of imparting odor to the most scentless—thus constraining those beautiful things to delight the sense of smell as well as sight. A florist of Aricia, as we are informed by the Emporio Italiano, has made completely successful experiments of this kind in heaping over the roots of flowers an odoriferous compost, and thus producing the required scent. By means, for instance, of a decoction of roses, he has given to the rhododendron the perfect odor of the rose. "To insure success, however, the seeds themselves of the plant to which it is desired to impart fragrance should be acted upon. Let them be immersed for two or three days in any essence that may be preferred, and then thoroughly dry them in the shade, and shortly after sow them. This operation is to give scent to those plants which *have* none whatever. But if it is required to substitute one scent for another natural to the plant, it is necessary to double or triple the quantity of the essence; and besides preparing the seed, it will be well to modify the nutritive substance. In order to retain the perfume, it will be necessary to repeat the moistening with the odorous substance several days during the spring-season, for two or three consecutive years. Fragrance may be given at the will of the horticulturist to any plant or tree, by boring a hole from one side of the stem to the other, or through the roots, and introducing the odoriferous ingredients into the hole."

A SHREWD SCOTTISH SPINSTER OF THE LAST CENTURY.—In Airth there lived a spinster, who could count as many golden guineas as ever "Tibbie Fowler" could. Beside this spinster there also lived a bachelor of somewhat parsimonious habits, and passionately fond of the yellow "Georgies." After the necessary quantity of "billing and cooing," this pair agreed to get married. But such was the bachelor's thirst for gold that the day before the marriage, when chuckling over his good fortune, he could not suppress his insatiable desire from some of his neighbors, who immediately went and informed his intended spouse. Next day, upon repairing to the church, Mr. Hewit, the clergyman, after having gone through the usual preliminaries and forms, requested them to join hands, but what was the astonishment of both clergyman and company, to see the bride offer the bridegroom her pocket instead of her hand. Thinking there might be some misunderstanding, Mr. Hewit again requested them to join hands, but this, as well as a third request, met with the same pantomimic reply. Mr. H. was at last under the necessity of asking for an explanation, to which the bride at once replied, "It's no me he wants, it's the pouch. He can marry it if he likes, but he'll ne'er marry me;" upon which she slowly curtsied, turned nimbly on her heel, and left the astonished and bewildered bridegroom staring with outshot eyes and open mouth, and we can fancy to ourselves, exclaiming, in language something akin to that of the Glasgow Bailie's—"My conscience! but the women are strange customers!"—*Stirling Observer.*

ANTIQUITY OF BLACK-PUDDINGS.—Even black-puddings were not only tolerated in Egypt, but were fashionable; and when the throat of the ox was, as usual, cut nearly from ear to ear, the blood was caught to make a dish which was thought worthy of figuring in the kitchen of King Rameses. The mode of cutting the throat is still required, by Moslem law in Egypt; but to eat the blood is unlawful. It was this custom of the country they had just left that made the Hebrew legislator so often warn the Israelites against eating the blood of animals; for while some of the Mosaic laws were in accordance with the patriarchal habits of their forefathers, many were directly introduced in order to correct abuses they had adopted during their sojourn in Egypt.—*Wilkinson's Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs.*

How agreeable it is, and more especially if you are late, and are dressing against time, to dine with ultra-punctual people—how agreeable it is, on getting into your clean shirt, to find the laundress has been careful to fasten all the buttons for you!

BELIEF IN APPARITIONS.—It has been said that a belief in apparitions is natural to every man. However much we may dissent from the correctness of such a general assertion, there can be no doubt that it has its foundation in truth. The faith of a child in this particular is only gradually sapped as he grows up to be a man. Nay, even in mature life, there may always be found those who have an unwavering confidence in the reality of these illusions, and many of these are persons characterized by their moral courage and love of truth. I have just remarked that few things have exerted a greater influence on the career of the human race, than a firm belief in these spiritual visitations. The visions of the Arabian prophet have ended in tincturing the daily life of half the people of Asia and Africa for a thousand years. A spectre that came into the camp at Sardis, unnerved the heart of Brutus, and thereby put an end to the political system that had made the great Republic the arbiter of the world. Another that appeared to Constantine strengthened his hand to the accomplishment of that most difficult of all the tasks of a statesman, the destruction of an ancient faith.—*Draper's Physiology.*

☞ A man of talent is lost, if he does not join to talent, energy of character. With the lantern of Diogenes, you should also have his stick.

Useful Receipts.

BOTS IN SHEEP—The bot (*Æstrus ovis*) is a dreadful scourge in a flock, the large maggots residing in the frontal sinus for many months, causing vertigo and staggers, suffocation, and death. Sheep are often cured of the bots by trepanning; and as the maggots are sometimes discharged by sneezing, it seems reasonable to believe that about June this might be encouraged by inserting the leaves of the Yarrow into the nostrils of affected sheep, or giving them snuff. The larvæ when discharged must be killed; and the flies, which may be seen sticking to walls and paling where sheep are folded, are easily detected and killed. It seems that polled sheep are the least subject to the bot. The bot is best arrested by removing the flock to a dry soil; but it is said that sheep are cured by eating the bark and young shoots of the elder; and that flocks fed where the broom is in flower are free from the disease.—*Curtis' Cyclopædia of Agriculture.*

ANTIDOTE TO MOSQUITOES.—A certain preventive to attacks of mosquitoes, black flies, &c., is said to be—glycerine 4 oz., oil of peppermint 2½ drachms, oil of turpentine 4 drachms. The face, neck, hands, in fact all parts exposed, to be rubbed with the mixture. This was given me by an eminent physician, previous to going into the State of Maine on a hunting expedition. I never knew it used without perfect success.—*Anon.*

TO DESTROY SLUGS.—Soot freely applied to surface of the ground is a very effective way of destroying slugs. It, at the same time, forms a rich dressing to the plants around which it may be used, and is moreover less unsightly in appearance than lime.—*Cor. London Field.*

LEAKING LUTHERAN WINDOWS, OR ELLS.—Some years ago I had a leaking ell. Every north-east storm drove its waters in. I made a composition of four pounds rosin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, and applied it hot with a brush to the part where the ell joined the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor who had a lutheran window which leaked badly. He applied it and the leak stopped. I made my water-cask tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, &c., and it has always proved a cure for the leaks.—*Lynn (Mass.) News.*

REMEDY FOR DYSENTERY.—This recipe has been practiced in a friend's family, for many years, with uniform success, even in the most alarming stages of the complaint:—

"Take Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, (or coarse meal browned,) and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teacup full, warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure."—*Middletown (Conn.) Republican.*

TO CLEAN THE GLASS CHIMNIES OF LAMPS.—Glass chimnies are liable, when they come in contact with the flame of a lamp, or *vice versa*, to be (as it were) eaten into, and the consequence is, that minute greyish or brownish-yellow globules generally make their appearance on the interior, as also on the exterior surface of the chimney. When that is the case, and you find apparently, that nothing will remove them without the glass being put in danger, the best and easiest way is to procure some very fine sand-paper, and continue to rub these ugly spots until they *do* disappear.

Agricultural.

HAY-MAKING.

CUT YOUR HAY AT THE RIGHT TIME.—Philosophy and practice seldom agree. When is the right time? is the question for solution. One of our neighbors cut his hay a week in advance of most of his brother farmers—cut it very soon after the seed had commenced to form, frequently before the bloom had disappeared—cured it in the sun partially—not altogether. No one had better hay. His crop was secured before any of it had become wood.—Dry sticks, and the fragrant, well cured hay in his barns, were not analagous. Another neighbor waited until others were done, that he might obtain help at cheaper rates. Two weeks after others had finished, his "last day of haying" came. There was another gain, he said, by this course. The grass was riper, and made faster—more was accomplished in a day—hence it did not cost near the amount to do his haying that it did other people.

Of course not, but his complaint was, when winter came, "My hay does not spend well—my cattle eat heartily, but do not thrive as they should. Neighbor A. does not feed his cattle as well as I do mine, yet they are in far better flesh."

The hay, sir, the *hay* makes the difference.—*Cut it at the right time*—just before the seed is matured—before woody matter predominates in the stalk. Some suppose the woody matter is useless as an article of nourishment, but it is *not* indigestible, though insoluble in water.—The age of the grass alone does not govern the amount of nutritive matter when made into hay, but soil, climate, and season modify its value greatly. We would prefer to cut it in bloom, or a portion of the crop, rather than let it remain to shell its seed. There are chemical considerations which enter into these directions. There is no doubt but there is more of the element of nutrition in grass at the time of flowering but it is a question if such nutrition remains in greater quantity after the process of curing, when such process is commenced before, or soon after, the seed commences to form. This is an open question. The quicker your hay is made and secured after it has reached the proper state, the better. The cutting of the first hay crop ought not to extend beyond three weeks.

We think the value of the grass crop after it is made into hay, depends as much on the *manner of curing* as on the *time* of cutting. The whole crop may be spoiled in curing, no matter when cut. The following practical directions are given from experience:

Cut in the morning. If the grass is heavy, or green and damp, stir out. Let it wilt. Rake up and put in small cocks, if good weather, larger, if "catching weather." Let it remain in the cock until it has *sweat* thoroughly. Tip over, shake apart Give it one or two hours' good sun, and stack, or stow it in your mow.

Do not mow more than you can secure in cocks the same day. Night dews injure hay, if partially cured. Throw salt on your hay, especially if it is clover, as you put it in the mow—four quarts to each ton. If you have no Mowing Machine, get one. If you cannot, use only a good sharp scythe, and *never mow*, or allow your men to mow, with a dull scythe.

These rainy June days, fit up the horse and other rakes. Make a lot of extra teeth to supply broken ones. Fit up the hay rack. Have a good one. Use good forks. Do not insult your help by requiring them to pitch hay with poor and rough made forks. Smooth fork handles, springy and tough, and the hay is easily and quickly handled. Have plenty of cool and good drink in the hay field. The best is *pure ice water*. Some may demur; but we know nothing better or more healthy, and nothing that is preferred to it after having been used once.

Good food, and plenty of it, is essential. If your men commence work at sunrise, as they should, breakfast at seven, lunch at ten, dine at half-past twelve or one, lunch again at three, and sup at six, they will accomplish more work than with only three meals. The lunch need not be of hearty food, but something nutritious, and palatable, with milk, if they choose, to wash it down.

"Why, that would be eating all the time," says some calculating farmer. "It would not pay to lose the time and food, too, when both *cost* so much" We assure you, sir, more—a large per cent. more time will be spent, and *quite as much food devoured*, if you do not furnish the lunch, *provided* it is *placed before* your workmen. We have seen this tested, and *know* whereof we speak. There are few men who will not appreciate such providence, and will demonstrate that appreciation in greater efforts to further your desires.

We may have said more than is necessary on this subject, but we have known men who, being obliged to pay a large price for labor, sought to be economical in the food furnished, and the result was an *economical* amount of labor performed. It will not answer, and we write to promote your own interests, as well as those you employ.

One other objection may arise from the good house-wives of the prairie farmers—that it will cause an extra amount of work for them. We think not, but of course would prefer they should *test* the matter, and give us their experience. We think the extra labor in their case, is like the extra cost—seeming, not real. There are few *good* house-wives who would make this objection.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PRIVY MANURE.

The following mode is sometimes adopted. We think it a good one:

The privy is so constructed and located that it may be easily reached in the rear with a wheel-barrow. It has no vault, as the privy is elevated some feet above the ground. A trap-door, made of a single board, and swung on leather hinges, shuts up the rear always except when the manure is being removed. Every few days, plaster or charcoal-dust is thrown into the vault, to fix the ammonia and prevent foul, unhealthy odors. The manure is in summer, removed *every month* in the following way:—The wheel-barrow is filled from the neighboring garden about one-third full of fine clay, and brought to the rear of the privy, and placed ready to receive the manure. The clay in the barrow is then hollowed out, so as to protect the bottom and sides of the barrow from the filth; and the manure is carefully loaded so as neither to drop any on the ground, nor on any part of the dress of the operator. It is then wheeled away to some proper place, carefully tipped over, so as to befoul nothing, and the operation repeated till the whole is removed. The whole space under the privy, from which the manure has been removed, is then liberally sprinkled with plaster or charcoal dust, and the trap door is closed. The manure thus removed is then thoroughly mixed with thrice its amount of fine clay, and left one month untouched. It may then be turned over again, when it will be ready for use, and is excellent as a dressing for almost every plant in the garden or field. Experience alone can decide where and in what amount it may be best applied. Privy manure, as our well-informed readers know, is the basis of all the poudrettes sold in the market. All should remove and save their privy manure, for reasons both of health and economy.—*Ohio Farmer.*

STRIPED BUGS.—Dr. Hull, of Newburgh, raised a large crop of melons by the following process:—"Bugs were completely expelled by watering the plants daily with a strong decoction of quassia, made by pouring four gallons of boiling water on four pounds of quassia, in a barrel, and, after twelve hours, filling the barrel with water. The intolerable squash or pumpkin bug was thoroughly driven off by a decoction of double strength, containing a pound of glue to ten gallons, to make it adhere. The result was, a product of "sixteen hundred superb melons, on less than one-sixth of an acre of ground."—*Horticulturist.*

DEADENING THE SENSE OF HEARING IN HORSES.—I have stated that horses in any way nervous or high-tempered are much affected by sounds and noises, particularly when arising from any object or circumstance they cannot see. I have had two remarkable in this particular, the one a mare. Whether in harness or out, a horse or carriage behind her drove her almost mad; let either come alongside of her, she was quiet directly. When in harness, if she but heard a horse behind her, up went her head and tail, and she would bound something as we have seen a fallow deer do in passing us; and, though at other times possessing a fine mouth, on such occasions it was difficult to hold her. The other horse was a hunter, as placid and steady as a horse could be when alongside hounds in chase; but, while they were finding, or what was worse, running in cover, the cry of the pack would cause him to tremble with anxiety or some such feeling, and he would burst into a sweat ten times more profuse than any run would call forth. Being both good horses and pleasant, except in these particulars, I was determined to try and palliate them. I had a pair of thick carcaps made for each of them. This I found produced a wonderful alteration for the better; but it struck me these carcaps must heat the horse. Why not try cotton? I did; stuffed their ears well with it when using them; and found no inconvenience from sounds afterwards. In some cases, and with some horses, my friends may find it answer the purpose also. HARRY HIEOVER, in *London Field.*

LOOKING GUILTY.—Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face "ready made" for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheeks, in nine cases out of ten. The most "guilty looking" person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse—which turned out to be his own property.—*Anon.*

DREAM POETRY.—Sir John Herschel, the famous scientifician, avers that the following stanza was *made by him in a dream* (November 28th, 1841,) and written down immediately on waking:—

Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him with feeble denial;
Sure of his love, and oh! sure of his mercy at last;
Bitter and deep though the draught, yet shun not the cup of thy trial,
But in its healing effect, smile at its bitterness past.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."—O'Connell used to aver that he could drive a coach and six through an act of Parliament. The subtlety of a lawyer may occasionally turn what appears to be plain and straightforward language into the very opposite meaning to that which the common sense of mankind had given it. Cardinal Richelieu said, that no person could utter three words in which he would not find sufficient cause to commit him to the Bastile.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 4, 20, 22, 23, was a British General in the American Revolution.
My 12, 29, 1, 2, 18, was an American General in the American Revolution.
My 6, 1, 7, 16, 30, 31, was a British General in the American Revolution.
My 4, 1, 2, 6, 25, 12, 20, 27, was the hero of Tippecanoe.
My 4, 17, 27, 29, 20, 27, 26, 29, 30, 31, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 26, 1, 3, 6, 12, was an American General in the American Revolution.
My 2, 20, 26, 11, 6, 12, was an American Naval Commander in the last war with Great Britain.
My 7, 1, 2, 14, 12, was a British Naval Commander in the last war with Great Britain.
My 27, 19, 24, 12, 20, 31, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My, 26, 30, 5, 23, 16, is an American poetess.
My 22, 1, 10, 29, 30, 31, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 29, 8, 2, 6, 15, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 1, 2, 27, 30, 12, 6, was a traitor to his country.
My 21, 26, 30, 15, 16, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My whole was a most distinguished European warrior. GAHMEW.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CINROS.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 6, 12, 18, 23, 15, 21, is an American poetess.
My 10, 13, 11, 17, 23, is an American poetess.
My 8, 5, 16, 19, 12, 16, 5, is an American poetess.
My 9, 12, 2, 1, is an American poetess.
My 10, 3, 2, 14, 12, 23, is an American poetess.
My 16, 5, 17, 19, 15, 18, 13, 21, is an American poetess.
My 6, 22, 2, 8, 22, 23, is an American poetess.
My 2, 8, 21, 4, 5, was an American poetess.
My whole is an American poetess.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 18, 11, 42, 23, 28, 12, 14, 47, 21, 7, 13, 29, 41, 31, was a name given to Naragan, a Scandinavian deity.
My 25, 14, 22, 2, 16, 5, 40, 9, was condemned to hell for setting fire to the temple of Apollo, at Delphi.
My 37, 25, 27, 46, 21, 32, was the "god of Life and Light and Arts."
My 43, 49, 33, 39, 37, was the most Ancient goddess of the Greeks.
My 40, 17, 35, 7, was the sister of Dido.
My 11, 30, 34, 4, 34, 31, was the great object of the adoration of the Egyptians.
My 12, 36, 18, 6, 22, 25, 30, was a famous mountain in Thrace.
My 6, 44, 42, 34, 3, was a god from whom one of the days of the week is named.
My 10, 28, 34, 46, 7, was a name the Saxons gave to Venus.
My 30, 7, 25, 1, 37, 21, 45, 40, was the hall of Odin, the supreme Scandinavian divinity.
My whole is the name of the prince of American poets, and the office he holds. VIVIAN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the ocean and river, the lake and the creek,
If my first you'd discover, 'tis there you must seek,
For it dwells in the water, and never does roam
On the land, far away from its watery home.

My second's a cry which you often may hear,
An expression called forth both by wonder and fear,
And oft when the heart is o'erburdened with grief
It is used, but alas, it affords no relief.

My whole is no substance, yet when the sun shines
It is plainly seen in all countries and climes,
And though without life, yet believe me, 'tis true,
Without pinions or feet, it does oft follow you.

Brownsboro, Ky. FRANK MADDOX

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A noble youth was young and fair,
Landed estates had he;
His days were free from grief and care,
His life from misery.
But time sped on with lightning wings,
As it does every day,
And like the fabled Siren sings,
My first him led astray.

Alas! that those whom Nature gave,
Talents bright and rare,
Should to my second be a slave,
And sink to dark despair.
At festive scenes in night's dark hour,
When others are at rest,
My whole does wield a mighty power—
This you have surely guessed.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have six letters in my name,
Take off the first it's still the same;
I'm just and proper with it gone,
But custom makes me put it on.

Waupun, Wis. FLORIDA.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sides of a trapezium, inscribed in a circle, are 66,75,51 and 40 perches, respectively. Find the diameter of the circle.

Venango County, Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Which is the best method of putting a dog's tail on a cat? Ans.—To *curtail* her tail.

☞ When is an old skirt decidedly savage? Ans.—When it is a *wore hoop* (war-whoop).

☞ What post will always be found round to the corn? Ans.—The Saturday Evening Post. D.

☞ When was President Buchanan like a favorite confectionary and a tropic fruit? Ans.—When he was a candy-date (candidate)

☞ What is the difference between a fowl with one wing and one with two? Ans.—A mere matter a-pinion.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Lord George Rodney. GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.—Lindley Murray, the Prince of Grammarians MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—There is no excellence without labor. RIDDLE.—The tide. CHARADE.—Grasshopper. CHARADE.—Mill-stone. ANAGRAMS.—1. Philadelphia; 2, Washington; 3, Boston; 4, New York; 5, Mobile; 6, Cleveland; 7, Portsmouth; 8, Potsdam; 9, Canton; 10, Detroit. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.—The meadow was 528 feet square, and thus contained 6 2/3 acres.

"OLD BRICK."—The slang term "Old Brick" is not of modern origin. In revolutionary times a song was written by some rhyming rebel, in which the names of all the Boston preachers were introduced, fixing the identity by the place where they preached, or by some personal peculiarity. Hence of Dr. Charles Chauncey, who preached in the old brick church, in Cornhill, it is said—

"And Charles, Old Brick, if well or sick,
Will cry for Liberty."